

OEDIPUS:
A
TRAGEDY
As it is ACTED at His
Royal Highness
THE
DUKE's Theatre.

The AUTHORS
Mr. DRYDEN, and Mr. LEE.

The Fifth Edition.

*Hi proprium decus & parum indignantur honorem
Ni teneant.* — Virgil.

*Vos exemplaria Graecia,
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.* Horat.

L O N D O N,

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ОБРАЗОВАНИЕ

А

УЧЕБНИК

АКАДЕМИЧЕСКОЙ

ЯЗЫКОВОЙ ГИГАНТСКОЙ

СИСТЕМЫ

ДУКЕС ТЕАТРЕ

СОЛОНСКАЯ

М. ДРЯСЛОВСКАЯ

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Составлено для употребления в начальных классах гимназий и реальных школ

и восьмиклассных училищ

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Библиотека для читателей в гимназии и реальном училище

PREFACE.

THough it be dangerous to raise too great an expectation, especially in works of this Nature, where we are to please an unsatiable Audience, yet 'tis reasonable to prepossess them in favour of an Author; and therefore both the Prologue and Epilogue inform'd you, that Oedipus was the most celebrated Piece of all Antiquity. That Sophocles, not only the greatest Wit, but one of the greatest Men in Athens, made it for the Stage, at the Publick Cost; and that it had the Reputation of being his Master-piece; not only amongst the Seven of his which are still remaining, but of the greater Number which are perish'd. Aristotle has more than once admir'd it in his Book of Poetry; Horace has mentioned it: Lucullus, Julius Cæsar, and other noble Romans, have written on the same Subject, tho' their Poems are wholly lost; but Seneca's is still preserv'd. In our own Age, Corneille has attempted it, and it appears by his Preface, with great success. But a judicious Reader will easily observe, how much the Copy is inferior to the Original. He tells you himself, that he ows a great part of his success to the happy Episode of Theseus and Dirce; which is the same thing, as if we should acknowledge, that we are indebted for our good Fortune, to the under-plot of Adrastus, Eurydice, and Creon. The truth is, he miserably failed in the Character of his Hero: if he desir'd that Oedipus should be pitied, he should have made him a better man. He forgot that Sophocles had taken care to shew him in his first entrance a just, a merciful, a successful, a Religious Prince, and in short a Father of his Country: instead of these, he has drawn him suspicious, designing, more anxious of keeping the Theban Crown, than solicitous for the safety of his People's Heir'd by Theseus, condemn'd by Dirce, and scarce maintaining a second part in his own Tragedy. This was an Error in the first Composition; and therefore never to be mended in the second or the third: He introduce'd a greater Heroe than Oedipus himself; for when Theseus was once there, that Companion of Hercules must yield to none: The Poet was obliged to furnish him with Busines, to make

The Preface.

make him an Equipage suitable to his Dignity : and by following him too close, to lose his other King of Brantford in the Crowd. Seneca on the other side, as if there were no such thing as Nature to be minded in a Play, is always running after pompous Expressions, pointed Sentences, and Philosophical Notions, more proper for the Study than the Stage : The French-man followed a wrong Scent ; and the Roman was absolutely at cold Hunting. All we cou'd gather out of Corneille, was, that an Episode must be, but not his way : And Seneca supply'd us with no new Hint, but only a Relation wher he makes of his Tiresias raising the Ghost of Laius, which is here perform'd in view of the Audience ; the Rites and Ceremonies so far his, as he agreed with Antiquity, and the Religion of the Greeks ; but he himself was beholden to Homer's Tiresias in the Odysses for some of them ; and the rest have been collected from Heliodore's Ethiopiques, and Lucan's Enchirio. Sophocles, indeed, is admirable every where ; and therefore we have follow'd as close as possibly we cou'd : But the Athenian Theatre (whether more perfect than ours, is not now disputed) had a Perfection differing from ours. You see there in every Act a single Scene, (or two at most) which manage the Busines of the Play ; and after that succeeds the Chorus, which commonly takes up more Time in singing, than there has been employ'd in speaking. The principal Person appears almost constantly through the Play ; but the inferior Parts seldom above once in the whole Tragedy. The Conduct of our Stage is much more difficult, where we are oblig'd never to lose any considerable Character which we have once presented. Custom like-wise has obtain'd, that we must form an Under-Plot of Second Persons, which must be depending on the First ; and their By-Walks must be like those in a Labyrinth, which all of 'em lead into the great Parterre ; or like so many several Lodging-Chambers, which have their Out-lets into the same Gallery. Perhaps, after all, if we cou'd think so, the ancient Method, as 'tis the easiest, is also the most natural, and the best : For Variety, as 'tis manag'd, is too often subject to breed Distraction ; and while we wou'd please too many ways, for want of Art in the Conduct, we please in none. But we have given you more already than was necessary for a Preface ; and for ought we know, may gain no more by our Instructions ; than that politick Nation is like to do, who have taught their Enemies to fight so long, that at last they are in a Condition to invade them.

Dramatis Personæ.

Oedipus	Mr. Betterton.
Adraustus	Mr. Smith.
Creon	Mr. Sanford.
Tiresias.	Mr. Harris.
Hæmon	Mr. Crosby.
Alcander	Mr. Williams.
Diocles	Mr. Norris.
Pyracmon	Mr. Boman.
Phorbas	Mr. Gillo.
Dymas	
Ægeon	
Ghost of Lajus	Mr. Williams.

W O M E N.

Jocasta	Mrs. Betterton.
Eurydice	Mrs. Lee.
Manto	Mrs. Evans.

Priests, Citizens, Attendants, &c.

S C E N E, T H E B E S.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN Athens all the Grecian State did guide,
And Greece gave Laws to all the World beside,
Then Sophocles with Socrates did sit,
Supreme in Wisdom one, and one in Wit :
And Wit from Wisdom differ'd not in those,
But as 'twas Sung in Verse, or said in Prose.
Then Oedipus on Crowned Theatres,
Drew all admiring Eyes and listening Ears ;
The pleas'd Spectator shouted every Line,
The Noblest, Manliest, and the Best Design !
And every Critick of each learned Age
By this just Model has reform'd the Stage.
Now, should it fail, (as Heav'n avert our Fear !)
Damn it in Silence, lest the World should hear.
For were it known this Poem did not please,
You might set up for perfect Salvages :
Your Neighbours would not look on you as Men :
But think the Nation all turn'd Picts agen.
'Faith, as you manage Masters, 'tis not fit
You should suspect your selves of too much Wit,
Drive not the Fest too far, but spare this Piece :
And, for this once, be not more Wise than Greece.
See twice ! Do not pull well to Damping fall,
Like true born Britains, who ne'er think at all :
Pray be advis'd ; and though at Mons you won,
On pointed Cannon do not always run.
With some respect to ancient Wit proceed ;
You take the four first Connects for your Creed.
But when you have Tradition wholly by,
And on the private Spirit alone rely,
You turn Fanaticks in your Poetry.
If notwithstanding all that we can say,
You needs will have your pen'worths of the Play :
And come resolv'd to Damn, because you pay.
Record it, in memorial of the Fact,
The first Play bury'd since the Woollen Act.

OEDIPUS.

OEDIPUS.

ACT I. SCENE *Thebes.*

The Curtain rises to a plaintive Tune, representing the present Condition of Thebes; Dead Bodies appear at a distance in the Streets; some faintly go over the Stage, others drop.

Enter Alcander, Diocles, Pythagoras.

Alc. **M**E thinks we stand on Ruines; Nature shakes About us; and the Universal Frame So loose, that it but wants another push To leap from off its Hinges.

Dio. No Sun to chear us, but a bloody Globe That rowls above; a bald and beamless Fire; His Face o're-grown with Scurf: the Sun's sick too; Shortly he'll be an Earth.

Pyr. Therefore the Seasons Lye all confus'd; and by the Heavens neglected, Forget themselves: Blind Winter meets the Summer In his Mid-way, and, seeing not his Livery, Has driv'n him headlong back: And the raw damps With flaggy Wings fly heavily about, Scattering their pestilential Colds and Rhumes Through all the lazy Air.

Alc. Hence Murrains follow, On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds; At last, the Malady Grew more domestick, and the faithful Dog Dy'd at his Master's Feet.

Dio. And next his Master: For all those Plagues which Earth and Air had brooded, First on inferior Creatures try'd their force; And last they seiz'd on Man.

Pyr. And then a thousand deaths at once advanc'd, And every Dart took place; all was so sudden, That scarce a first Man fell; one but began To wonder, and straight fell a wonder too; A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying Friend, Dropped in the pious Act. Heard you that groan? [Groan withouts]

Dio. A Troop of Ghosts took flight together there;

Now.

O E D I P U S.

Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more
For single Stakes, but Families and Tribes;
How are we sure we breath not now our last,
And that next minute,
Our Bodies cast into some common Pit,
Shall not be built upon, and overlaid
by half a People?

Alc. There's a Chain of Causes
Link'd to Effects; invincible Necessity
That what e're is, could not but so have been;
That's my security.

To them enter Creon.

Creon. So had it need, when all our Streets lie cover'd
With dead and dying Men,
And Earth exposes Bodies on the Pavements
More than she hides in Graves! Betwixt the Bride and Bridegroom have I seen
The Nuptial-Torch do common Offices
Of Marriage and of Death.

Dioe. Now, *Oedipus*,
(If he return from War, our other Plague)
Will scarce find half he left, to grace his Triumphs.

Pyr. A feeble Paean will be sung before him.
Alc. He would do well to bring the Wives and Children
Of Conquer'd Argians to renew his *Thebes*.

Creon. May Funerals meet him at the City Gates
With their detested Omen.

Dioe. Of his Children.
Creon. Nay, though she be my Sister, *of his Wife*.
Alc. Oh that our *Thebes* might once again behold
A Monarch *Theban* born!

Dioe. We might have had one.
Pyr. Yes, had the People pleas'd.

Creon. Come, y're are my Friends:
The Queen my Sister, after *Laius* Death,
Fear'd to lie single; and supply'd his place
With a young Successor.

Dioe. He much resembles
Her former Husband too.

Alc. I always thought so.
Pyr. When twenty Winters more have grizzl'd his black Locks
He will be a very *Laius*.

Creon. So he will.
Mean time she stands provided of a *Laius*
More young and vigorous too, by sweaty Sprigs.
These Women are suchunning Purveyors!
Mark where their Appetites have once been plear'd.

The same resemblance in a younger Lover,
Lies brooding in their Fancies the same Pleasures,
And urges their remembrance to desire.

Dise. Had merit, not her Dotage, been consider'd,
Then *Creon* had been King; but *Oedipus*,
A stranger!

Creon. That word Stranger, I confess,
Sounds harshly in my Ears.

Dise. We are your Creatures,
The People prone, as in all general Ills,
To sudden Change; the King in Wars abroad,
The Queen a Woman, weak and unregarded;
Eurydice the Daughter of dead *Laius*,
A Prince's young and beauteous, and unmarried;
Methinks from these disjoynted Propositions,
Something might be produc'd.

Creon. The Gods have done
Their part, by sending this commodious Plague;
But oh the Princess! her hard Heart is shut,
By Adamantine Locks against my Love.

Ale. Your claim to her is strong; you are betroth'd.

Pyr. True! in her Nonage.

Ale. But that lets remov'd.

Dise. I heard the Prince of *Arcy*, *young*, *adventurous*,
When he was hostage here.

Creon. Oh name him not! the bane of all my hopes;
That hot-brain'd, head-long Warrior, has the Charms,
Of youth, and somewhat of a lucky Rashness,
To please a Woman yet more Fool than he,
That thoughtless Sex is caught by outward form,
And empty noise, and loves it self in Mad.

Ale. But since the War broke out about our Frontiers,
He's now a Foe to Thebes?

Creon. But is not so to her; she appears,
Once more I'll prove my Fortune: you insinuate
Kind thoughts of me into the multitude;
Lay load upon the Court; gall 'em with Freedoms,
And you shall see 'em toll their Tails, and sag,
As if the Breeze had stung 'em.

Dise. Well about it.

Levius Alcander, Diogenes, Pyracmon.

Creon. Hail, Royal Maid, *you bright Eurydice!*
A lavin Planet reign'd when thou wert born,
And made thee of such kindred-mold to Heaven,
Thou seem'st more Heaven's than ours.

Eur. Cast round your Eyes; *I* *see* *the* *polite* *W-*
Where late the Streets were so thick grown with

Like *to* *buckets* *of* *blood* *in* *the* *streets* *of* *Thebes*.

Creon. Am I no Prince li' *such* *towns* *with* *such* *people* *as* *these*?

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Like Cadmus's Brood they juttied for the Passage,
Now look for those erected heads, and see 'em
Like Pebbles paving all our publick Ways.
When you have thought on this, answer this,
If there be hours of Courtship?

Creon. Yes, they are;
For when the Gods destroy so fall, 'tis time
We should renew the Race.

Euryd. What, in the midst of horror!

Creon. Why not then? There's the more need of Comfort.

Euryd. Impious Creon!

Creon. Unjust *Eurydice!* can you accuse me
Of love, which is Heaven's Precept, and not fear
That Vengeance, which you say pursues our Crimes,
Should reach your Perjuries?

Euryd. Still th' old Argument.
I bid you cast your Eyes on other Men,
Now cast 'em on your self: think what you are.

Creon. A Man.

Euryd. A Man!

Creon. Why doubt you? I'm a Man.

Euryd. 'Tis well you tell me so, I should mistake you;
For any other part o'ch' whole Creation,
Rather than think you Man: hence from my sight,
Thou Poyson to my Eyes.

Creon. 'Twas you first poyson'd mine, and methinks
My Face and Person shoud not make you sport.

Euryd. You force me, by your importunities,
To shew you what you are.

Creon. A Prince, who loves you?
And since your Pride provokes me, worth your Love,
Ev'n at his highest value.

Euryd. Love from thee? Why
Why love renounc'd thee e're thou saw'st the light?
Nature her self start back when thou wert born,
And cry'd the Work's not mine?
The Midwife stood aghast, and when the saw
Thy Mountain back, and thy distorted legs,
They face it off,

Half minted with the Royal stamp of Man,
And half o'recome with Beast, stood dounting long;
Whole right in thee were more,
And knew not if to burn thee in the flames,
Were not the holier work.

Creon. Am I to blame, if Nature threw my Body
In so perverse a mold? yet which she call

Her envious hand upon my supple joints,
Unable to resist, and rumpled 'em.
On heaps in their dark lodg'g, to revenge
Her bungled work, she stamp't my mind more fair;
And as from Chaos, huddled and deform'd,
The Gods struck fire, and lighted up the Lamps
That beautifie the Sky, so the inform'd
This ill-shap'd Body with a daring Soul:
And making lewd man, she made me more.
Euryd. Now thou art all one Error, Soul and Body;
The first young tryal of some unkill'd Pow'r,
Rude in the making Art, and Ape of Love.
Thy crooked mind within, hunch'd out thy back,
And wander'd in thy limbs, to thy own kind
Make love, if thou canst find it in the World,
And seek not from our Sex to raise an off-spring,
Which, mingled with the rest, would tempt the Gods
To cut of Human Kind.

Creon. No; let 'em leave.
The Argian Prince for you: that Enemy
Of Thebes has made you false, and break the Vows
You made to me.

Euryd. They were my Mother's Vows,
Made when I was at Nurse.

Creon. But hear me, Maid;
This Blot of Nature, this deform'd loath'd *Crown*,
Is Master of a Sword, to reach the Blood
Of your young *Milord*, spoil the Gods fine work,
And stab you in his heart.

Euryd. This when thou doest,
Then may'st thou still be curs'd with loving me;
And, as thou art, be still revict, loath'd *King*,
And let his Ghost — No, let his Ghoſt have Rest;
But let the greatest, fiercest, foulest Fury,
Let *Creon* haunt himself.

Creon. 'Tis true, I am
What she has told me, an offence to fight:
My Body opens inward to my Soul,
And lets in day to make my Vices seen,
By all discerning Eyes, but the blind vulgar;
I must haste *Or* *Edipus* return,
To snatch the *Crown* and her; for I still love
But love with malice; as an angry Cat
Snarls while he feeds, so will I seize and stanch
The hunger of my Love on this proud Beauty,
And leave the scraps for *Glasses*.

Enter Tiresias, leaning on a Staff, and led by his Daughter Matto.
What makes this blind propheetick Fool abroad?
Worl'd his Apollo had him, he's too holy.
For Earth and me; I'll turn his walk, and seek
My popular Friends.

Treasure. A little farther, yet a little farther;
Thou wretched Daughter of a dark old Man,
Conduct my weary steps; and thou who seest
For me and for thy self, beware thou tread not
With impious steps upon dead Corps. *New Day.*
Methinks I draw more open, vital Air,
Where are we?

Monto. Under Covert of a Wall.
The most frequented once, and noisy part
Of Thebes, now midnight silence reigns even here,
And grass untrodden springs beneath our feet.

Tir. If there be nigh this place a **Sunny bank**,
There let me rest a while : a **Sunny bank !**
Alas how can it be, where no Sun shines ?
But a dim winking Taper in the **Skies**, :
That nod, and scarce holds up his drowne **head**,
To glimmer through the damps. *[A noise within, follows; Follow, fol-*

Hark! a tumultuous noise, and Creon's name
Thrice echo'd.

Man Fly, the Fempst drives this way.
Tir. Whither can Age and Blindness take their flight?
If I could fly, what cou'd I suffer worse,
Secure of great ill ! [*Noise again, Creon, Creon,*

Enter Creon, Diocles, Alcander, Pyracimon, followed by the Guards.
Creon. I thank ye, Countrymen, but must refuse
The honours you intend me; they're too great;
And I am too unworthy, think agen,
And make a better Choice!

That's double work.

2 Cn. My first word is always my second, and therefore I'll have
No second word; and therefore once again I say, A CROWN.

All. A Crem, a Creon, a Crown.

Creon. Yet here me, Fellow Citizens.

Disc. Fellow Citizens! there was a word of kindness, and John [

Ak. When did *Oedipus* salute you by that familiar name?

Cit. Never, never ; he was too-proud.

Croesus. Indeed he could not, for he was a stranger :

at under him our *Thibes* is half destroyed.

Forbid it Heav'n the residue should perish to repeat this curse
Under a Thessan born.

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'Tis true, the Gods might send this Plague among you,
Because a Stranger rul'd. But what of that?
Can I redress it now?

3. Cit. Yes, you or none.

'Tis certain that the Gods are angry with us
Because he reigns.

Creon. Oedipus may return: You may be ruin'd.

1 Cit. Nay, if that be the matter, we are ruin'd already.

2 Cit. Half of us that are here present, were living Men but
Yesterday; and we that are absent do but drop and drop,
And no Man knows whether he be dead or living. And
Therefore, while we are found and well, let us satisfie our
Consciences, and make a new King.

3 Cit. Ha, if we were but worthy to see another Coronation!
And then, if we must die, we'll go merrily together.

All. To the Question, to the Question.

Dibe. Are you content Creon shall be your King?

All. A Creon, a Creon, a Creon.

Tir. Hear me, ye Thebans: And thou Creon, hear me,

1 Cit. Who's that would be heard? We'll hear no Man:
We can scarce hear one another.

Tia. I charge you by the Gods to hear me.

2 Cit. Oh, 'tis Apollo's Priest; we must hear him: 'Tis the old blind
Prophet, that sees all things.

3 Cit. He comes from the Gods too; and they are our Betterse
And therefore in good Manners we must hear him. Speak, Prophet.

2 Cit. For coming from the Gods, that's no great matter;
They can all say that. But he's a great Scholar, he can make
Almanacks and he were put to't; and therefore I say, hear him.

Tir. When angry Heav'n scatters its Plagues among you,
Is it for nought, ye Thebans? Are the Gods
Unjust in punishing? Are there no Crimes
Which pull this Vengeance down?

1 Cit. Yes, yes; No doubt, there are some Sins stirring,
That are the Cause of all.

3 Cit. Yes, There are Sins, or we should have no Taxes.

2 Cit. For my part, I can speak it with a safe Conscience,
I ne'er sinn'd in all my Life.

1 Cit. Nor I.

3 Cit. Nor I.

2 Cit. Then we are all justified: The Sin lies not at our Doors.

Tir. All justified alike, and yet all guilty.

Were every Man's False-dealing brought to light;

His Envy, Malice, Lying, Perjuries,

His Envy, Malice, Lying, Perjuries,

His Weights and Measures, th' other Man's Extortions,

With what Face could you tell offended Heav'n,

You had not sinn'd?

2 Cit.

2 Cit. Nay, if these be Sins, the Case is alter'd: For my part, I never
Thought any thing but Murder had been a Sin.

Tir. And yet, as if all these were less than nothing,
You add Rebellion to 'em. Impious *Thebes*:
Have you not sworn before the Gods, to serve
And to obey this *Oedipus*, your King,
By publick Voice elected? Answer me,

If this be true.

2 Cit. This is true: But it's a hard World, Neighbours,
If a Man's Oath must be his Master.

Creon. Speak *Diocte*: All goes wrong.

Dio. How are you Traitors, Country-men of *Thebes*?
This holy Sir, who presses you with Oaths,
Forgets your first. Were you not sworn before
To *Laius*, and his Blood?

All. We were, we were.

Dio. While *Laius* has a lawful Successor,
Your first Oath still must bind: *Eurydice*
Is Heir to *Laius*; let her marry *Creon*:
Offended Heav'n will never be appeas'd,
While *Oedipus* pollutes the Throne of *Laius*,
A Stranger to his Blood.

All. We'll no *Oedipus*, no *Oedipus*.

2 Cit. He puts the Prophet in a Mouse-hole.

2 Cit. I knew it would be so: The last Man ever speaks the best Reason.

Tir. Can Benefits thus die? Ungrateful *Thebes*!
Remember yet, when, after *Laius's* Death,
The Monster *Sphinx* laid your rich Country waste,
Your Vineyards spoil'd, your labouring Oxen flew,
Your selves, for fear, mew'd up within your Walks;
She, taller than your Gates, o'er-look'd your Town;
But when she rais'd her Bulk to sail above you,
She drove the Air around her, like a Whirlwind,
And shaded all beneath, till stooping down,
She clap'd her Leathern Wing against your Tow'rs,
And thrust out her long Neck, ev'n to your Doors.

Dio. Alc. Pgr. We'll bear no more.

Tir. You durst not meet in Temple,
T'invoke the Gods for Aid; the proudest he
Who leads you now, then crow'd like a dar'd Lark:
This Creon shok for fear,
The Blood of *Laius* cruddled in his Veins;
Till *Oedipus* arriv'd,
Call'd by his own high Courage, and the Gods;
Himself to you a God: Ye offer'd him
Your Queen and Crown; (but what was then your Crown?)
And Heav'n authoriz'd it by his Success.
Speak then; Who is your lawful King?

All. 'Tis Oedipus.

Tir. 'Tis Oedipus, your King more lawful
That yet you dream; for something still there lies
In Heav'n's dark Volume, which I read through Mills:
'Tis great, prodigious; 'tis a dreadful Birth
Of wondrous Fate; and now, just now disclosing,
I see, I see how terrible it downb'ys
And my Soul sickens with it.

Cin. How the God shakes him!

Tir. He comes! he comes! Victory! Conquest! Triumph!
But, Oh! Guiltless and Guilty: Murder! Parricide!
Incest! Discovery! Punishment——'tis ended,
And all your Sufferings o'er.

A Trumpet within; Enter Hemon.

Hem. Rouze up, ye Thibans; tune your Instruments.
Your King returns; the Argians are overcome;
Their Warlike Prince in single Combat taken,
And led in Bands by God-like Oedipus.

All. Oedipus, Oedipus, Oedipus.

Ceon. Furies confound his Fortune! —————
Haste, all haste,
And meet with Blessings our victorious King;
Decree Processions; bid new Holy-days;
Crown all the Statues of our Gods with Garlands;
And raise a Brazen Column, thus inscrib'd,
To Oedipus, now twice a Conqueror, Deliverer of his Thibes.
Trust me, I weep for Joy to see this Day.

[Aside:
[To them.

Tir. Yes, Heav'n knows how thou weep'st: — Go Country men,
And, as you us'd to supplicate your Gods, —————
So meet your King, with Bays, and Olive-branches:
Bow down, and touch his Knees, and beg from him
An End of all your Woes; for only he
Can give it you.

Exit Tiresias, the People following.

Enter Oedipus in Triumph, Adrastus Prisoner; Dymas, Train.

Ceon. All hail, great Oedipus;
Thou mighty Conqueror, hail; welcome to Thibes,
To thy own Thibes, to all that's left of Thibes:
For half thy Citizens are swept away,
And wanting to thy Triumph;

And we, the happy Remnant, only live
To welcome thee, and die.

Oedipus. Thus Pleasure never comes sincere to Man,
But lent by Heaven, upon hard Usury;
And while Jove holds us out the Bowl of Joy,
E'er it can reach our Lips, 'tis dash'd with Gall
By some Left-handed God. O mournful Triumph!
O Conquest gain'd abroad, and lost at home!

O Argos, now rejoice, for Thebes lies low :
Thy slaughter'd Sons now smile, and think they won,
When they can count more Theban Ghosts than theirs.

Adrast. No ; Argos mourns with Thebes ; you temper'd so
Your Courage while you songst, that Mercy seem'd
The Manlier Virtue, and much more prevail'd.
While Argos is a People, think your Thebes
Can never want for Subjects : Every Nation
Will crowd, to serve where Oedipus commands.

Creon to Ham. How mean it shews, to fawn upon the Victor !
• Ham. Had you beheld him fight, you had said otherwise :
Come, 'tis brave Bearing in him, not to envy
Superior Virtue.

Oed. This, indeed, is Conquest,
To gain a Friend like you. Why were we Foes ?
Adrast. 'Cause we were Kings, and each disdain'd an EQUAL.
I fought to have it in my power to do
What thou hast done ; and so to use my Conquest, shew'd no-bet baA
To shew thee, Honour was my only Motive.)
Know this, that were my Army at thy Gates,
And Thebes thus waste, I would not take the Gift,
Which, like a Toy, drop'd from the Hands of Fortune,
Lay for the next Chance-comer.

Oed. Embracing. No more Captive,
But Brother of the War : 'Tis much more pleasant,
And safer, trust me, thus to meet thy Love,
Than when hard Gantlets clench'd our Warlike Hands,
And kept 'em from soft Use.

Adrast. My Conqueror.

Oed. My Friend ! That other Name keeps Enmity alive.
But longer to detain thee, were a Crime
To Love, and to Eurydice ; go free :
Such Welcome as a ruin'd Town can give,
Expect from me ; the rest let her supply.

Adrast. I go without a Blush, though conquer'd twice ;
By you, and by my Princess. [Exit Adrast.

Creon aside. Then I am conquer'd thrice ; by Oedipus,
And her, and even by him, the Slave of both.
Gods, I am beholding to you for making me your Image.
Would I could make you mine. [Exit Creon.

Enter sb: People with Branches in their Hands, holding them up,
and kneeling : Two Priests before them.

Oed. Alas, my People !
What means this speechless Sorrow, down-call Eyes,
And lifted Hands ? Is there be one among you,
Whom Grief has left a Tongue, speak for the rest.

• Pr. O Father of thy Country !

To thee their Knees are bent; their Eyes are lifted,
As to a visible Divinity.

A Prince, on whom Heav'n surely might repose

The Business of Mankind : For Providence

Might on thy Bosom sleep secure,

And leave her Task to thee.

But where's the Glory of thy former Acts ?

Ev'n that's destroy'd when none shall live to speak it.

Millions of Subjects shall thou have, but mute.

A People of the Dead ; a crowded Desert :

A Midnight-silence at the Noon of Day.

Oed. Oh ! Were our Gods as ready with their Pity,

As I with mine, this Presence should be throng'd

With all I left alive ; and my sad Eyes

Not search in vain for Friends, whose promis'd Sight

Flatter'd my Toys of War.

I Pr. Twice our Deliverer !

Oed. Nor are now your Vows

Address'd to one who sleeps :

When this unwelcome News first reach'd my Ear,

Dymas was sent to Delphi, to enquire

The Cause and Cure of this Contagious Ill :

And is this Day return'd : But since his Message

Concerns the Publick, I refus'd to hear it,

But in this general Presence - Let him speak.

Dymas. A dreadful Answer from the hallow'd Urn,
And sacred Tripos did the Priests give,
In these mysterious Words,

The Oracle. *Sherd in a cursed Hour, by cursed Hand,*
Blood-Royal unreveng'd, but curst the Land.

When Lajus's Death is expiated well,

Your Plague shall cease : The rest let Lajus tell.

Oed. Dreadful indeed ! Blood, and a King's Blood too !

And such a King ; and by his Subjects fled

(Else, by this Curse on Thebes !) No wonder then

If Monsters, Wars and Plagues revenge such Crimes.

If Heav'n be just, its whole Artillery,

All must be empty'd on us. Not one Bolt

Shall err from Thebes ; but more be call'd for, more !

New-moulded Thunder, of a larger Size,

Driv'n by whole Jove. What ! Touch Anointed Pow'r !

Then Gods beware. Jove would himself be next,

Cow'd you but reach him too.

I Pr. We mourn the sad Remembrance.

Oed. Well you may,

Worse than a Plague infects you. You're devoted

To Mother Earth, and to th'Infernal Pow'rs :

Hell has a Right in you : I thank you Gods,
 That I'm no *Theban* born : How my Blood cruddles !
 As if this Curse touch'd me ! and touch'd me nearer
 Than all this Presence ! — Yes, 'tis a King's Blood ;
 And I, a King, am ty'd in deeper Bonds
 To expiate this Blood : But where, from whom,
 Or how mult I atone it ? Tell me, *Theban*,
 How *Layw* fell ; for a confus'd Report
 Pass'd through my Ears, when first I took the Crown ;
 But full of Hurry, like a Morning-Dream,
 It vanish'd in the Busines of the Day.

1 Pr. He went in private forth, but thinly follow'd :
 And ne'er return'd to *Thebes*.

Oed. Nor any from him ? Came there no Attendant ?
 None to bring News ?

2 Pr. But one ; and he so wounded,
 He scarce drew Breath to speak some few faint Words.

Oed. What were they ? Something may be learnt from thence.
 1 Fr. He said, a Band of Robbers watch'd their Passage,

Who took Advantage of a narrow Way,
 To murder *Layw* and the rest ; himself
 Left too for dead.

Oed. Made you no more Enquiry,
 But took this bare Relation ?

2 Pr. 'Twas neglected :

For then the Monster *Sphynx* began to rage,
 And present Cares soon buried the remote.
 So was it hush'd, and never since reviv'd.

Oed. Mark, *Theban*, mark !

Just then the *Sphynx* began to rage among you ;
 The Gods took hold ev'n of th'offending Minute,
 And dated thence your Woes : Thence will I trace 'em.

1 Pr. 'Tis just thou shouldest.

Oed. Hear then this dread Imprecation, hear it :

'Tis laid on all, not any one exempt.

Bear witness, Heav'n ; avenge it on the Perjur'd.

If any *Theban* bo'sn, if any Stranger

Reveal this Murder, or produce its Author,

Ten Antique Talents be his just Reward :

But if for Fear, for Favour, or for Hire,

The Murder he conceal, the Curse of *Thebes*,

Fall heavy on his Head. Unite our Plagues,

Ye Gods, and place 'em there : From Fire and Water,

Converse, and all things common, be he banish'd.

But for the Murderer's self, unsound by Man,

Find him, ye Pow'rs Celestial and Infernal,

And the same Fate, or worse than *Layw* met.

Let be his Lot : His Children he's curst'd ;
His Wife and Kindred, all of his he curs'd.

In b Pr. Confirm it, Heav'n.

Enter Jocasta; attended by Women.
Joe. At your Devotions ! Heav'n succeed your Wishes ;
And bring th' Effect of these your pious Prayers
On you, and me, and all.

Pr. Avert this Omen, Heav'n !

Oed. O fatal sound ! Unfortunate Jocasta !
What hast thou said ! An ill Hour hast thou chosen
For these fore-boding words : Why, we were cursing.

Joc. Then may that Curse fall only where you laid it.

Oed. Speak no more,

For all thou say'st is ominous : We were cursing ;
And that dire Imprecation hast thou fasten'd
On Thebes, and thee, and me, and all of us.

Joc. Are then my Blessings turn'd into a Curse ?
Ounkind Andipm ! My former Lord

Thought me his Blessing : Be thou like my Lajus.

Oed. What, yet again ! The third time hast thou curs'd me ?
This Imprecation was for Lajus's Death ;
And thou hast wish'd me like him.

Joc. Horror seizes me !
Oed. Why dost thou gaze upon me ? Prithee, Love,
Take off thy Eye ; it burdens me too much.

Joc. The more I look, the more I find of Lajus :
His Speech, his Laub, his Action ; nay, his Frown ;
(For I have seen it,) but ne'er bent on me.

Oed. Are we so like ?

Joc. In all things but his Love.

Oed. I love thee more : So well I love, Words cannot speak how well ;
No pious Son e'er lov'd his Mother more,
Than I my dear Jocasta.

Joc. I love you too

The self-same way : And when you chid, methought
A Mother's Love start up in your Defence,
And bid me not be angry : Be not you :
For I love Lajus still as Wives should love ;
But you more tenderly, as part of me :
And when I have you in my Arms, methinks
I tell my Child asleep.

Oed. Then we are blessed :

And all these Curies sweep along the Skies,
Like empty Clouds, but drop not on our Heads.

Joc. I have not joy'd an Hour since you departed,
For publick Miseries, and for private Fears ;
But this bles'd Meeting has o'er-pay'd 'em all.

Good Fortune that comes seldom, comes more welcome,
All I can wish for now, is your Cousin
To make my Brother happy.

Oed. How, *Jocasta?*

Joc. By Marriage with his Niece *Eurydice*.

Oed. Uncle and Niece! they are too near, my Love;

'Tis too like Incest; 'tis Offence to Kind.

Had I not promis'd, were there no *Ajax*,

No Choice but *Creas* left her of Mankind,

They shou'd not marry. Speak no more of it;

The Thought disturbs me.

Joc. Heav'n can never blin'

A Vow so broken, which I made to *Creas*:

Remember he's my Brother.

Oed. That's the Bar:

And she thy Daughter: Nature would abhor

To be forc'd back again upon her self,

And, like a Whirl-pool, swallow her own Streams.

Joc. Be not displeasid; I'll move the Suit no more.

Oed. No, do not, for I know not why, it shakes me

When I but think on Incest: Move we forward

To thank the Gods for my Success, and pray

To wash the Guilt of Royal Blood away.

[Enter Omnes.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

An open Gallery. A Royal Bed-Chamber being suppos'd behind.

The Time, Night. Thunder, &c.

Hæmon, Alcander, Pyracmon.

Hem. **S**URE 'tis the End of all things! Fate has torn
The Lock of Time off, and his Head is now
The gasty Ball of round Eternity!
Call you these Pearls of Thunder, but the Yawn
Of bellowing Clouds? by Jove, they seem to me
The World's last Groans; and those vast Sheets of Flame
Are its last Blaze! The Tapers of the Sun,
The Sun and Moon, run down like Waxen Globes;
The shooting Stars end all in purple Jellies,
And Chaos is at hand.

Pyr. 'Tis Midnight, yet there's not a *Theban* Sleeps,
But such an ne'er must wake. All crowd about
the Palace, and implore, as from a God,
Help of the King; who, from the Battlement,

By the red Lightning's glare, Heliæt's bright
Atones the angry Powers.

Hem. Ha! Pyramon, look ! Behold, Alexander, from yon' Westward shore,
The perfect Figures of a Man and Woman !
A Scepter bright with Gods in each right hand,
Their flowing Robes of dazzling purple made,
Distinctly yonder in that point they stand,
Just well : a bloody red stain all the place,
And see, their Faces are quite hid in Clouds.

Pyr. Clusters of golden Stars hang o'er their Heads,
And seem so crowded, that they lift upon 'em long swords full
All dare at once their baleful influence,

In leaking fire.

Alc. Long-bearded Comets stick,
Like flaming Porcupines, to their left sides,
As they would strew their Quills into their hearts.

Hem. But see ! the King, and Queen, and all the Court !
Did ever Day or Night shew ought like this ?

The Scene drawes, and discouers the Prodigies.
Enter Oedipus, Jocasta, Eurydice, Adrastus, all coming forward
with Amazement.

Oed. Answer, you Pow'r's Divine ; spare all this noise,
This rack of Heav'n ; and speak your fatal pleasure,
Why breaks yon dark and dusky Orb away ?
Why from the bleeding Wounds of monstrous Nighthow, Far off,
Burst forth such Myriads of mortive Stars ?

Ha ! my Jocasta, look ! the Silver Moon !
A setting Crimson stains her beauteous Face !
She's all o're Blood ! and look, beheld again,
What mean the mystick Hews in the Journeys on Earth ?
A vast Eclipse darkens the labouring Planet :
Sound there, found all our Instruments of War,
Clarions and Trumpets, Silver, Brass, and Iron,
And beat a thousand Drums to help her Labour.

Adr. 'Tis vain ; you see the Prodigies continue,
Let's gaze no more, the Gods are Humourous.

Oed. Forbear, rash Man —— Once more I ask your pleasure !
If that the glow-worm light of human Reason
Might dare to offer at immortal Knowledge,
And cope with Gods, why all this Horror of Nature ?
Why do the Rocks split, and why roars the Sea ?
Why these Portents in Heav'n, and Plagues on Earth ?
Why you' Gigantick Fems, Echeral Monsters ?
Alas ! Is all this but to fright the Dwellers on Earth,
Which your own hands have made, then left forlorn ?
Or if the Fates resolve some Expiation

For murder of *Laius*, I Hammed him, my Gods !
Hear me thus prouesse, in this grooning Land,
Save Innocent *Jocasta*, from your Want Death.
Do this, and lo ! I shall be thine, whom
To meet your swiftest and severest anger,
Shoot all at once, and strike me to the Center.

The Cloud draws that will'd the heads of the *Towers* in the *Sky*, and
shows 'em Crown'd, with the names of *Oedipus* and *Jocasta* written
above in great Characters of Gold.

Adr. Either I dream, and alwaye cooles Sunnes,
Are vanish'd with that Cloud that coms away,
Or, just above those two Majellick Heads,
I see, I read distinctly in large Gold,
Oedipus and *Jocasta*.

Ale. I read the same.

Adr. 'Tis wonderful ; yet ought not Man to wade
Too far in the vast steep of Destiny. [Thunder; and the Prodigies quench'd.

Joc. My Lord, my *Oedipus*, why gaze you now,
When the whole Heavn's clear, as if the Gods
Had some new Monsters made ? will you not turn,
And bless your People, who devour each word
You breathe ?

Oed. It shall be so.
Yes, I will die, O *Thibes*, to save thee !
Draw from my Heart my Blood with more content
Than e'er I wore thy Crown. Yes, O *Jocasta* !
By all the endearments of miraculous birth,
By all our languishings, our Fears in Pleasure,
Which oft have made us wonder ; hear I swear
On thy fair hand, upon thy Breast I swear
I cannot call to mind, from budding Childhood
To blooming Youth, a Crime by n'e committed,
For which the awful Gods should doom my Death.

Joc. 'Tis not you, my Lord,
But he who murder'd *Laius* frees the Land :
Were you, which is impossible, the Man,
Perhaps my Poniard first should drink your Blood ;
But you are Innocent, as your *Jewels* are.
From Crimes like those, which made me violent
To save your life, which you unjust would lose ;
Nor can you comprehend with respect thought,
The horrid Agony you call me in,
When you resolved to die.

Oed. Is't possible ?

Joc. Alas ! why start you so ? Her following grief,
Who saw her Children-slaughter'd all at once,
Was dull to mine : Methinks I should have made

My

My bosom bare against the armed God,
To save my Oedipus.

Oed. I pray, no more.

Joe. You've silenc'd me, my Lord.

Oed. Pardon me, dear Jocasta.

Pardon a heart that sinks with Suffering,
And can but vent it self in sighs and murmurs;
Yet to restore my peace, let me bid you say,
Yes, yes, you Gods! you shall have ample vengeance
On Laius's Murderer. O the Traitor!—ame
I'll know't, I will! Art shall be conjur'd for it,
And Nature all unravel'd.

Joe. Sacred Sir—

Oed. Rage will have way, and 'tis but just; I'll fetch him,
Tho' lodg'd in Air upon a Dragon's Wing,
Tho' Rocks should hide him: Nay he should be drage'd
From Hell, if Charms can hurry him along;
His Ghost shall be by *Ligea Tiresias Pow'r*,
(*Tiresias*, that rules all beneath the Moon)
Confin'd to flesh, to suffer Death once more,
And then be plung'd in his first fires again.

Enter Creon.

Cre. My Lord,

Tiresias attends your Pleasure.

Oed. Haste and bring him in.

O, my *Jocasta*, *Eurydices*, *Amenemhat*,

Creon, and all ye *Thebans*, now the end

Of Plagues, of Madness, Murders, Prodigies,

Draws on: This Battel of the Heav'n and Earth

Shall by his Wisdom be reduc'd to peace.

Enter *Tiresias*, leaning on a Staff, led by his Daughter Mantinea, follow'd by other *Thebans*.

O thou, whose most aspiring Mind

Knowest all the Business of the Courts above,

Open'st the Closets of the Gods, and darest

To mix with *Jove* himself and Fate at Council;

O Prophet, answer me, declare aloud

The Traitor who conspir'd the Death of Laius,

Or be they more, who from malignant Seats

Have drawn this Plague that blasts unhappy *Thebes*.

Tir. We must no more than Fate committeth us

To tell, yet something, and of moment, I'll unfold,

If that the God would wake: I feel him now,

Like a strong Spirit charm'd into a Tree,

That leaps, and moves the Wood without a Wind:

The rouz'd God, as all this while he lay

In tomb'd alive, starts and diptex himself.

He struggles, and he tears my aged Trunk
With holy Fury, my old Arteries burst,
My riv'd Skin,
Like Parchment, crackles at the million'd fire;
I shall be young again : Maria, my Daughter,
Thou hast a voice that might have taw'd the Bard
Of Thess., and forc'd the rugged Mountain
With hasted Prongs, to litten to thy strain.
O charm this God, the Fury is my sin,
Lull him with tuneful Notes, and sweet Strains,
With pow'ful Strains : Maria, my lovely Child,
Sooth the unrry God-head to be mild.

SONG to Apollo.

Phebus, God beloved by Men,
At thy dawn, every Beast is rous'd in the Dark ;
At thy setting, all the Birds of thy abode complain,
And we die, all die till the morning comes again,
Phœbus, God beloved by Men,
Idol of the Eastern Kings,
Awful as the God who fangs
His Thunder round, and the Lightning wings,
God of Songs, and Orphean Strings,
Who to thy mortal Bosom brings,
All harmonous heavenly Things,
Thy drawzy Prophet to receive,
Ten thousand thousand firms before him drive ;
With Chariots and Horses all's fire make him,
Curtains, and Pillars, and Canopies bale him,
Let him tell it in groans, who be bend with the Load,
Tbo' be burst with the weight of the terrible God.

Tir. The Wretch, who shed the blood of old Labdecides,
Lives, and is great ;
But cruel greatness never was long :
The first of Lajur's blood his Life did seize,
And urg'd his Fate,
Which else had lasting been and strong.
The Wretch, who Lajur's kill'd, must bleed, or fly ;
Or Tebes, confund'd with Plagues, in ruins lie.
Oed. The first of Lajur's blood I pronounce the person,
May the God roar from thy Prophetic mouth,
That even the dead may start up, to behold
Name him, I say, that most accircled Wretch,
For by the Stars he dies ;

Speak,

C E D Y U S.

Speak, I command thee,
By Phœbus, speak ! for sudden Death's his doom :
Here shall he fall, bleed on this very spot,
His Name, I charge thee once more, speak.

Tir. 'Tis lost,

Like what we think can never than remembrance ;
Yet of a sudden's gone beyond the Clouds.

Oed. Fetch it from thence ; I'll have't, where-e'er it be.

Cress. Let me interest you, sacred Sir, be calm,
And Cress shall point out the great Offender.

'Tis true, respect of Nature might injoin
My silence at another time, but oh,
Much more the pow'r of my eternal Love !

That, that should strike me dumb : yet *Tiber, my Country* ——
I'll break through all, to succour thee, poor City

O, I must speak.

Oed. Speak then, if eught thou knowest :
As much thou seem'd to know, delay no longer.

Cres. O Beauty ! O illustrious Royal Maid !
To whom my Vows were ever paid till now,
And with such modest, chaste, and pure affection.
The coldest Nymph might read 'em without blushing ;
Art thou the Murdress then of wretched *Lavinia* ?
And I, must I accuse thee, O my Tears !
Why will you fall in so abhorr'd a Cause ?
But that thy beauteous, barbarous, hand destroy'd
Thy Father (a monstrous act !) both Gods
And Men at once take notice.

Oed. *Eurydice* !

Euryd. Traytor, go on ; I scorn thy little malice,
And knowing more my perfect Innocence,
Than Gods and Men, then how much more than thee,
Who art their opposite, and form'd a Liar,
I thus disdain thee ! Thou once didst talk of Love ;
Because I hate thy love,
Thou dost accuse me.

Adr. Villain, inglorious Villain
And Traytor, double damn'd, who durst blaspheme
The spotless Virtue of the brightest Beauty ;
Thou dy'st : nor shall the sacred Majesty, [Draws and wounds him.
That guards this place, preserve thee from my Rage.

Oed. Disarm 'em both : Prince, I shall make you know
That I can tame you twice. Guards, seize them.

Adr. Sir,
I must acknowledge in another Cause
Repentance might abash me, but I glory
In this, and smile to see the Traytor's Blood.

Oed. Creon, you shall be punished at full.

Cre. My hurt is nothing, Sir; but I appeal
To wise Tiresias, if my accusation
Be not most true. The first of *Louis* blood
Gave him his Death. Is there a Prince before her?
Then she is faultless, and I ask her Pardon.
And may this Blood ne'er cease to drop, O *Thebes*,
If pity of thy Sufferings did not move me
To shew the Cure which Heavn is self prescrib'd.

Eur. Yes, *Thebans*, I will die to save your lives,
More willingly than you can wish my fate.
But let this good, this wife, this holy Man
Pronounce my Sentence: For to fall by him,
By the vile breath of that prodigious Villain,
Would link my Soul, tho' I should die a Martyr.

Adr. Unhand me, Slaves. O mightiest of Kings,
See at your Feet a Prince not us'd to kneel,
Touch not Eurydice, by all the Gods,
As you would save your *Thebes*, but take my life:
For, should she perish, Heavn' would heap Plagues on Plagues,
Rain Sulphur down, hurle kindled bolts
Upon your guilty Heads.

Cre. You turn to Gallantry, what is but Justice.
Proof will be easie made. *Adrastus* was
The Robber who bereft th' unhappy King
Of life; because he flatly had deny'd
To make so poor a Prince his Son-inLaw:
Therefore 'twere fit that both should perish.

1. Theb. Both let both die.

All *Theb*. Both, both, let 'em die.

Oed. Hence you wild Herd! For your Ring-leader here,
He shall be made an Example. Homen, take him.

1. Theb. Mercy, O Mercy.

Oed. Mutiny in my Presence!
Hance, let me see that basie Face no more.

Tir. *Thebans*, what Madness makes you drunk with rage?
Enough of guilty Death's already acted.

Fierce Creon has accus'd Eurydice,
With Prince *Adrastus*; which the God reprobates.

By inward Checks, and leaves their Fate in doubt.

Oed. Therefore instruct us what remains to do,
Or suffer; for I feel a sleep like Death
Upon me, and I sigh to be at rest.

Tir. Since that the Pow'rs Divine refuse to clear
The mystic Deed, I'll to the Grove of Furias;
There I can force th' infernal Gods to shew
Their horrid Forms;

Each trembling Ghost shall rise,
And leave their grisly King without a waifer :
For Prince Adraſſus and Eurydice,
My life's engag'd, I'll guard 'em in the Fane,
Till the dark Mysteries of Hell are done.
Follow me, Princeſſe; Thebans, all to rest.
O, Oedipus, to morrow —— but no more,
If that thy wakeful Genius will permit,
Indulge thy Brain this Night with softer flumbers :
To morrow, O to morrow ! —— sleep, my Son;
And in prophetic Dreams thy Fate be shown. [Ex. Tires. Adraſſ.
Euryd. Manto, Thebans. Manest Oed. Jocast. Creoſy, Pyr.
rac. Hæm. Alcan.

Oed. To bed, My Fair, my Dear, my best Jocasta.
After the toils of War, 'tis wondrous strange
Our loves should thus be dash'd. One moment's thought,
And I'll approach the Arms of my belov'd.

Joc. Consume whole Years in care, so now and then
I may have leave to feed my famish'd Eyes
With one short passing glance, and light my Vows :
This, and no more, my Lord, is all the passion
Of languishing Jocasta. [Exit.

Oed. Thou softell, sweetest of the World! good night.
Nay, she is beauteous too ; yet, mighty Love,
I never offer'd to obey thy Laws,
But an unusual chillneſſ came upon me ;
An unknown hand still check'd my forward joy,
Dash'd me with blufhes, tho' no light was near ;
That ev'n the act became a violation.

Pyr. He's strangely thoughtful.

Oed. Hark! who was that? Ha! Creon, didn't thou call me?

Creon. Not I, my gracious Lord, nor any here.

Oed. That's strange! methought I heard a doleful Voice.
Cry'd Oedipus. The Prophet bad me sleep ;
He talk of Dreams and Visions, and to morrow !
I'll muse no more on't, come what will or can.
My thoughts are clearer than unclouded Stars ;
And with those thoughts I'll rest: Creon, good night. [Ex. with Hæm.

Cre. Sleep seal your Eyes, Sir, eternal sleep.
But if he must sleep and wake again, O all
Tormenting Dreams, wild horrors of the Night,
And Hugs of Fancy wing him through the air,
From precipices hurl him headlong down ;
Charybdis roar, and Death be set before him.

Ale. Your Curles have already ta'en effect ;
For he looks very sad.

Cre. May he be rooted, where he stands for ever;

His Eye-balls never move, brows be unbent,
His Blood, his Entrails, Liver, Heart and Bowels,
Be blacker than the Place I wish him.

Pyr. No more : you tear your self, but vex me him.
Methinks 'twere brave this Night to force the Temple,
While blind *Tiresias* conjures up the Fiends,
And palls the time with nice *Eurydice*.

Ale. Try promises, and threats, and if all fail,
Since Hell's broke loose, why should not you be mad ?
Ravish, and leave her dead with her *Zedra*.

Cret. Were the Globe mine, I'd give a Province hourly
For such another thought. Lust, and Revenge !
To stab at once the only Man I hate,
And to enjoy the Woman whom I love !
I ask no more of my auspicious Stars,
The rest as Fortune please ; so but this Night
She play me fair, why let her turn for ever.

Enter Hemon.

Hemon. My Lord, the troubled King is gone to rest,
Yet, e'er he slept, commanded me to clear
The Antichambers : none must dare be near him.

Cron. Hemon, you do your Duty ; ————— Thunder.
And we obey. —— The night grows yet more dreadful !
'Tis just that all retire to their Devotions,
The Gods are angry : but to morrow's dawn,
If Prophets do not lye, will make all clear.

Oedipus Enters, walking asleep in his shirt, with a Dagger in his right hand, and a Taper in his left.

O. d. O, my *Jocasta* ! 'tis for this the wet
Starv'd Soldier lies all night on the cold ground ;
For this he bears the Storms
Of Winter Camps, and freezes in his Arms :
To be thus circled, to be thus embrac'd,
That I could hold thee ever ! — Ha ! where art thou ?
What meanst this melancholly light, that seems
The gloom of glowing Embers ?
The Curtain's drawn : and see she's here again,
Jocasta ? Ha ! what, fall'n alleep to soon ?
How fares my Love ? this Taper will inform me.
Ha ! Lightning blast me. Thunder.
Rivet me ever to *Prometheus*: Rock,
And Vultures gnaw out my lascivious heart,
By all the Gods ! my Mother *Merope* !
My Sword, a Dagger ; Ha ! who waits there ? Slaves,
My Sword : what, *Hemon*, dar'st thou Villain stop me ?
With thy own Poyard pe ish. Ha ! who's this ?

Or

Or is't a Change of Death ?
New Murder ; thou hast kill'd thy Father,
Incest; and Parricide, thy Father ! What is't ?
Og'mon Infernal Famine. Now I'll speak
All blind and blind ! Most triumphant Mischief !
And now, while thus I stalk about the Room,
I challenge Fate to find another Watch
Like Oedipus.

Thunder, &c.

Enter Jocasta, ~~wearing~~ in a Library, in a Night Gown.

Oed. Night, Horror, Death, Common, Hell and Purgatory !
Where am I ? O Jocasta, let me hold thee.
Thus to my Bosom, Ages ; let me graze thee.
All that the hardest temper'd weathers' Flock,
With fiercest Humane Spirit inspir'd can dare
Or do, I dare : But, O you Pow'rs, this was
By infinite degrees too much for Man.
Methinks my deaf'd Ears
Are burst ; my Eyes, as if they had been knock'd
By some tempestuous Hand, shoot flashing Fire.
That Sleep should do this !

Joc. Then my Fears were true.
Methought I heard a Voice, and yet I doubted,
Now roaring like the Ocean, when the Winds
Fight with the Waves : now in a full small Tone
Your dying Accents from the racking Ships,
After the dreadful Yell, sink unmeasuring down,
And bubble up a Noise.

Oed. Trust me, thou fairest best of all thy Kind,
None e'er in Dreams was tortur'd so before.
Yet what most shocks the nicest of my Temper,
Ev'n far beyond the killing of my Fathers,
And my own Death, is, that this horrid Sleep
Dash'd my sick Fancy with an Act of Incest :
I dreamt, Jocasta, that thou wert my Mother ;
Which, though impossible, so dama my Spirits,
That I cou'd do a Mischief on my self,
Lest I should sleep, and dream the like again.

Joc. O Oedipus, too well I understand you !
I know the Wrath of Heav'n, the Care of Tribes,
The Cries of its Inhabitants, War's Toils,
And Thousand other Labours of the State,
Are all refer'd to you, and ought to take you.
For ever from Jocasta.

Oed. Life of my Life, and Treasure of my Soul !
Heav'n knows I love thee.

Joc. Oh ! You think me vile,
And of an inclination so ignoble,

On Ed. D. A. P. U. K. S.

That I must hide me from your Eyes for life, and to grieve O'er and to
Be witness, Gods; and strike me with the curse of Heaven, if ever
If an immodest Thought, or low desire, or base ambition, has fluent
Inflamm'd my Breast, since first our Loves were lighted. [Kneeling]

Oed. Oh, rise; and add not by thy cruel Kindness to the broid ill
A Grief more sensible than all my Torments. How was he
Thou think'st my Dreams are past? But, By thy self, I say, I
the greatest Oath, I swear, they are most true.
But be they what they will, I here dismiss 'em:
Be gone! I was your Mother Clodius much misgiv'd
Is there a Fault in me? Have we not search'd
The Womb of Heav'n, examined all the Entrails
Of Birds and Beasts, and fir'd the Prophets' Art?
Yet what avails? He, and the Gods together
Seem, like Physicians, at a loss to help us.
Therefore, like Wretches that have linger'd long,
We'll snatch the strongest Cordial of our Love
To bed, my Fair.

Ghost within, Oedipus!

Oed. Ha! Who calls?

Didst thou not hear a Voice?

Joc. Alas! I did. O my poor blood! I implored
Ghost, Jocasta!

Joc. O my Love, my Lord, support me.

Oed. Call louder, till you burst your Air-vessels:
Rest on my Hand. Thus aurd' with innocence
I'll face these babbling Demons of the Air:
In spight of Ghosts, I'll on.
Though round my Bed the Turies plant their Charms,
I'll break 'em, with Jocasta in my Arms:
Clasp'd in the Folds of Love, I'll wait my Death,
And act my Joys, though Thunder brane the Room. [Kneeling]

A C T III. S C E N E I

In a Dark Chamber.

Cre. **T**IS better not to be, than to be unhappy.

Din. What mean you by these Words?

Cre. 'Tis better not to be, than to be Creon.

A thinking Soul is Punishment enough.
But who's great, like mine, and wretched too,
Then every Thought draws Blood.

Din. You are not wretched.

Cre.

*Crt. I am: My Soul's ill married to my Body.
I woud be young, be handsome, be belov'd:
Cou'd I but breath my self into ~~such a~~*

Dis. You rave : Call home your Thoughts; they will be
Cm. I prefer let my Soul take Air a while

Were I prince, see my sons, how I'd rule them !
*Were she in *Oedipus*, I were a King !*

Then I had kill'd a Moniter, gain'd a Friend,
And had my Rival Punish'd - Brave, brave Actions!

Why have not I done these? All you others, who are guides to us, Your Fortune hindrideth us; and we are now at a stand, why

Civ. There's it - I have a Soultate down all right now.

But Fortune will have nothing done that's great,
But by young, handsome Fools : Body and Brain

Do all her Work. *Hercules was a Fool.*

And freight grew famous : a man
Nay worse, a Woman's Fool.

Pool is the Stuff, of which Heros make; & Heros won't help who
Die. A Serpent never becomes a Swine. Drunkenness is died beA

Till he has eat a Serpent.

Crit. Does it there!

I understand thee; I must kill ~~Adrienne~~ ^{Adrienne} & then you will
Die. Or not enjoy your Mistress - I bid you adieu.

Zurydice and he are Prisoners.
But will not long be so; this fell-tail Ghoul,
Perhaps, will clear 'em both.

Cre. Well, 'tis resolv'd.

Dio. The Princess walks this Way;
You must not meet her.

you might not meet her,
will this be done—

Cro. I must.
Dr. You seemed to lose it.

And more since you accuseth her. — **Cro. Urge it not.**

cannot stay to tell thee my Design.

For she's too near. — *Enter Enrico.*

How, Madam, were your Thoughts employ'd?

Eur. On Death, and thee. —

Cry. Then were they not well sorted : life and me
Had been the better Match.

Ans. No. 1 I was thinking.

On two the most detested things in Nature; And they are both bad things.

C. The Thought of Death, to one near Death, is dreadful.

Oh, 'tis a fearful thing to be no more,
Or if to be, to wander after death.

To walk, as Spirits do, in Brahes all Day;

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And when the Darknes comes, to glide in Paths
That lead to Graves, and in the silent Vents,
Where lies your own pale Sorrow, to hover over it,
Striving to enter your forbidding Corpse,
And often, often, vainly smote your Ghoul
into your Uncle's Lips:

Thus like a lone, despatch'd Traveller,
Shut out from Lodges, half-way Cross'd by scaffold'd
By whistling Winds, who ever saw such
Your tender Form to Atone.

Eur. Milt I be this chid Being? and thus wander?
No Quiet after Death?

Cre. None: You must leave
This beauteous Body, all this Youth and Freshness
Must be no more the Object of Death,
But a cold Lump of Clay;
Which then your discontented Ghoul will leave
And loath its former Lodging.
This is the best of what comes after Death,
Ev'n to the best.

Eur. What then shall be thy Lot?
Eternal Torments, Baths of boiling Sulphur,
Vicissitudes of Fires, and then of Frons,
And an old Guardian Fiend, ugly as thou art,
To hollow in thy Ears at every Lash,
This for Eurydice, there for her Adrestus.

Cre. For her Adrestus!
Eur. Yes; for her Adrestus:
For Death shall ne'er divide us. Death! What's Death?

Dio. You seem'd to fear it.
Eur. But I more fear Creon.
To take that hunch back'd Monster in my Arms,
Th' Excrecence of a Man.

Dio. to Cre. See what you've giv'd.
Eur. Death only can be dreadful to the Bad:
To Innocence, 'tis like a Bug-beer, dress'd
To fright'n Children: Pull but off his Mask,
And he'll appear a Friend.

Cre. You talk too lightly
Of Death and Hell. Let me inform you better.

Eur. You best can tell the News of your own Country.
Dio. Nay, now you are too sharp.

Cre. Can I be so to one who has accus'd me
Of Murder, and of Patricide?

Cre. You provok'd me.
And yet I only did thus far accuse you,
As next of Blood to Laius: Be advised,
And you may live.

Eur.

Eur. The Means?

Cre. 'Tis offer'd you.

The Fool *Adraſſus* has accus'd himself.

Eur. He has indeed, to take the Guilt from me.

Cre. He says he loves you ; if he does, 'tis well :

He ne'er cou'd prove it in a better time.

Eur. Then Death must be his Recompence for Love !

Cre. 'Tis a Fool's just Reward,

The Wife can make a better Use of Life :

But 'tis the Young Man's Pleasure, his Ambition :

I grudge him not that Favour.

Eur. When he's dead,

Where shall I find his Equal ?

Cre. Every where.

Fine empty things, like him,

The Court swarms with 'em.

Fine fighting things, in Camps they are so common,

Crows feed on nothing else : Plenty of Fools :

A Glut of 'em in *Thebes*.

And Fortune still takes care they shou'd be seen :

She places 'em aloft, o' th' topmost Spoke

Of all her Wheel. Fools are the daily Work

Of Nature, her Vocation : If the form

A Man, she loses by't ; 'tis too expensive ;

'Twou'd make ten Fools. A Man's a Prodigy.

Eur. That is, a *Creon*. O thou black Detractor,

Who spitt'st thy Venom against Gods and Man !

Thou Enemy of Eyes !

Thou who lov'st nothing, but what nothing loves ;

And that's thy self ! Who hast conspired against

My Life and Fame, to make me loath'd by all,

And only fit for thee.

But for *Adraſſus*'s Death, good Gods ! his Death !

What Curse shall I invent ?

Dio. No more ; he's here.

Eur. He shall be ever here.

He wou'd give his Life, give up his Name —

Enter Adraſſus.

If all the Excellence of Womankind

Were mine ; — No, 'tis too little all for him,

Were I made up of endless, endless Joys —

Adraſſus. And so thou art.

The Man who loves like me,

Wou'd think ev'n Infamy, the worst of Ills,

Were cheaply purchas'd, were thy Love the Prize :

Uncrown'd, a Captive, nothing left but Honour ;

'Tis the last thing a Prince shou'd throw away ;

But when the Storm grows lond, and threatens Love,
Throw ev'n that over-board, for Love's the Jewel ;
And last it must be kept.

Cre. to Dio. Work him, be sure,
To Rage, he's passionate :
Make him th' Aggressor.

Dio. O false Love ! False Honour !

Cre. Dissembled both, and false !

Adrast. Dar'st thou say thus to me ?

Cre. To you ! Why, what are you, that I should fear you ?
I am not *Laius* : Hear me, Prince of *Argos* ;
You give what's nothing, when you give your Honour.
'Tis gone ; 'tis lost in Battel. For your Love,
Vows made in Wine are not so false as that :
You kill'd her Father ; you confess'd you did :
A mighty Argument to prove your Passion to the Daughter !

Adrast. aside. Gods ! Must I bear this Brand, and not report
The Lye to his foul Throat !

Dio. Basely, you kill'd him.

Adrast. aside. Oh, I burn inward ; my Blood's all o' fire !
Alcides ; when the poyson'd Shirt late cloest,
Had but an Ague-fit to this my Fever.
Yet, for *Eurydice*, ev'n this I'll suffer,

To free my Love — Well then, I kill'd him basely.

Cre. Fairly, I'm sure you cou'd not.

Dio. Nor alone.

Cre. You had your Fellow-Thieves about you, Prince ;
They conquer'd, and you kill'd.

Adrast. aside. Down, swelling Heart !

*Tis for thy Prince's all — O my *Eurydice* !

Euryd. to him. Reproach not thus the Weakness of my Sex, [To her.
As if I cou'd not bear a shameful Death,
Rather than see you burden'd with a Crime,
Of which I know you free.

Cre. You do ill, Madam,
To let your head-long Love triumph o'er Nature.
Dare you defend your Father's Murderer ?

Eur. You know he kill'd him not.

Cre. Let him say so.

Dio. See, he stands mute.

Cre. O Pow'r of Conscience, ev'n in wicked Men,
It works, it stings, it will not let him utter
One Syllable, one, no to clear himself
From the most base, detested, horrid Act
That e'er cou'd stain a Villain, not a Prince.

Adrast. Ha ! Villain !

Dio. Echo to him, Groves : Cry Villain.

Adrast.

Adrast. Let me consider : Did I murder *Laius*
Thus like a Villain ?

Cre. Best revoke your Words,
And say, you kill'd him not.

Adrast. Not like a Villain : Priz thee change me that,
For any other Lye.

Din. No, Villain, Villain.

Cre. You kill'd him not ! Proclaim your Innocence ;
Accuse the Princes : So I knew twould be.

Adrast. I thank thee, thou instruc'st me :
No matter how I kill'd him.

Cre. aside. Could again.

Eur. Thou who usurp'st the sacred Name of Conscience,
Did not thy own declare him innocent ?

To me declare him so ? The King shall know it.

Cre. You will not be believ'd, for I'll forswear it.

Eur. What's now thy Conscience ?

Cre. 'Tis my Slave, my Drudge, my supple Glove ;
My Upper Garment, to put on, throw off,
As I think best : 'Tis my obedient Conscience.

Adrast. Infamous Wretch !

Cre. My Conscience shall not do me the ill Office
To save a Rival's Life : When thou art dead,
(As dead thou shalt be, or be yet more base)
Than thou think'st me,
By forfeiting her Life, to save thy own. —
Know this, and let it grate thy very Soul,
She shall be mine ; (she is, if Vows were binding :)
Mark me ; the Fruit of all thy Faith and Passion,
Ev'n of thy foolish Death, shall all be mine.

Adrast. Thine, say'st thou, Monster ?

Shall my Love be thine ?

Oh, I can bear no more !

Thy cunning Engines have with Labour rais'd

My heavy Anger, like a mighty Weight,

To fall, and push thee dead.

See here thy Nuptials ; see, thou rash *Ixion*,

Thy promis'd *Juno* vanish'd in a Cloud ;

And in her room avenging Thunder rolls,

To blast thee thus. — Come both. —

Cre. 'Tis what I wish'd :

Now see whose Arm can launch the surer Bolt,

And who's the better *Jove*. —

Eur. Help ; Murder, help !

Enter *Hemon* and Guards, *betwixt them, and beat down their Swords.*

Hem. Hold, hold your impious Hands : I think the Furies,

To whom this Grove is hallow'd, have inspir'd you ;

[Draws.]

[Bury draw,

New,

Now, by my Soul, the holiest Earth of *Thebes*:
 You have prophan'd with War. Nor Tree, nor Plant
 Grows here, but what is fed with Magick Juice ;
 All full of Humane Souls, that cleave their Barks,
 To dance at Midnight, by the Moon's pale Beams :
 At least Two Hundred Years these reverend Shadies
 Have known no Blood, but of black Sheep and Oxen,
 Shed by the Priest's own Hand, to *Passing*.

Adrast. Forgive a Stranger's Ignorance : I knew not
 The Honours of the Place.

Hem. Thou, *Creon*, didst.

Not *Oedipus*, were all his Foes here long'd,
 Durst violate the Religion of these Groves,
 To touch one single Hair ; but must, unarm'd,
 Parle, as in Truce, or furtily avoid
 What most he long'd to kill.

Cre. I drew not first ;
 But in my own Defence.

Adrast. I was provok'd
 Beyond Man's Patience : All Reproach cou'd urge,
 Was us'd, to kindle one not apt to bear.

Hem. 'Tis *Oedipus*, not I, must judge this Act :
 Lord *Creon*, you and *Diocles* retire ;
Tiresias, and the Brotherhood of Priests,
 Approach the place : None at these Rites affit,
 But you th' Accus'd ; who, by the Mouth of *Laius*,
 Must be absolv'd, or doom'd.

Adrast. I bear my Fortune.

Eur. And I provoke my Trial.

Hem. 'Tis at hand :

For, see, the Prophet comes, with Vervain crown'd ;
 The Priests with Yeugh ; a venerable Band :
 We leave you to the Gods. [*Exit Hemon, with Creon and Diocles.*]

*Enter Tiresias, led by Manto : The Priests follow ; all cloath'd in
 long black Habits.*

Tir. Approach, ye Lovers ;
 Ill-fated Fair ! whom seeing not, I know :
 This Day your kindly Stars in Heav'n were joyu'd ;
 When, loe, an envious Planet interpos'd,
 And threaten'd both with Death. I fear, I fear.

Eur. Is there no God so much a Friend to Love,
 Who can control the Malice of our Fate ?
 Are they all deaf ? Or have the Giants Heav'n ?

Tir. The Gods are just. —
 But how can Finite measure Infinite ?
 Reason ! alas, it does not know it self !
 Yet Man, vain Man, wou'd with this short-lin'd Plummet,

Fathom the vast Abyss of Heaven's Justice.
Whatever is, is in its Course, only
Since all things are by Fate ; But mortall Man
Sees but a part o' th' Chain, the neareſt Links ;
His Eyes not carrying to that equal Borm
That poizes all above.

Eur. Then we must die !

Tir. The Danger's imminent this Day.

Adrof. Why then there's one Day leis for Humane Ills ;
And who would moan himself for suffering that,
Which in a Day must pass ? Something, or nothing — .
I shall be what I was again, before

I was *Adrofus*. —

Penurious Heav'n ! Caſt thou not add a Night
To our one Day ? Give me a Night with her,
And I'll give all the rest.

Tir. She broke her Vow,
First made to *Creon*. But the Time calls on ;
And *Lajus*'s Death must now be made more plain.
How loth I am to have recourse to Rites
So full of Horrour, that I once rejoyce
I want the Use of Sight ! —

1 Pr. The Ceremonies stay.

Tir. Chuse the darkest part o' th' Grove,
Such as Ghosts at Noon-day love,
Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh
Where the Bones of *Lajus* lie :
Altars rais'd, of Turf or Stone,
Will th' Infernal Pow'rs have none.
Answer me, if this be done ?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

Tir. Is the Sacrifice made fit ?
Draw her backward to the Pit :
Draw the barten Heifer back ;
Barren let her be, and black.
Cut the curled Hair that grows
Full betwixt her Horns and Brows :
And turn your Faces from the Sun.
Answer me, if this be done ?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

Tir. Pour in Blood, and Blood like Wine,
To Mother Earth, and *Proserpine* :
Mingle Milk into the Stream ;
Feast the Ghosts that love the Steam :
Snatch a Brand from Funeral-pile ;
Toss it in to make em boil .

And

D. F. Day - P. C. L.

And turn your faces from the Sun
Answer me, if all be done?

All Pr. All is due. *[Puff of Thunder, and flashes of Lightning;
The Thundering from the Stage.]*

Manto. O, what Laments are those?

Tir. The Groans of Ghosts, that cleave the Earth with pain :
And heave it up : they pant and stick half way.

[The Stage wholly darkned.]

Manto. And now a sudden darkness covers all
True genuine Night : Night added to the Groves ;
The Fogs are blown full in the Face of Heaven.

Tir. Am I but half obey'd : Infernal Gods,
Must you have Musick too ? then tune your Voices,
And let 'em have such sounds as Hell ne'er heard,
Since Orpheus brib'd the Shades.

Musick first. Then Sing.

{ This to be set
through,

1. Hear, ye fallen Pow'rs below ;
Hear, ye takers of the dead.
2. You that boiling Cauldrons blow,
You that scum the molten Lead.
3. You that Pinch with red-hot Tangs ;
1. You that drive the trembling Hots,
Of poor, poor Ghosts,
With your sharpen'd Prongs
2. You that thrust 'em off the cliff ;
3. You that plunge 'em when they swim ;
1. Till they drown ;
Till they go
On a row
Down, down, down,
Ten thousand thousand, thousand Fadoms low.

Chorus. Till they drown, &c.

1. Musick for a while
Shall your Care beguile :
Wondring how your Pains were eas'd.
2. And disdaining to be please'd ;
3. Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands ;
Till the Snake drop from her head,
And whip from out her hand.
1. Come away,
Do not stay,
But obey
While we play,
For Hell's broke up, and Ghosts are a'way.

Chorus. Come away, &c.

[A flash

[A flash of Lightning - the Stage is made Bright, and
the Gholts are seen walking betwixt the Trees.

1. Laius! 2. Laius! 3. Laius!

1. Hera! 2. Hera! 3. Hera!

Tir. Hera am I,

By the Fates that giv' me birth,

Cho. Which am I?

Tir. By the Power, force, and dread,

Cho. Who art thou?

Tir. By the Judge of the dead,

Cho. Which art thou?

Three times three,

Tir. By Hell's black flame,

By the Stigmata,

And by Demogorgon's name

At which Gholt quaketh,

Hear and appear.

[The Ghost of Laius rises arm'd in his Chariot, as he was slain. And
behind his Chariot sit the three who were Murder'd with him.

Ghost of Laius. Why hast thou drawn me from my Pains below,
To suffer worse above : to see the Day,
And *Thebes* more hated ? Hell is Heav'n to *Thebes*.
For pity send me back, where I may hide,
In willing night, this ignominious head :
In Hell I shun the publick Scorn ; and then
They hunt me for their Sport, and hoot me as I fly :
Behold ev'n now they grin at my gor'd side,
And chatter at my wounds.

Tir. I pity thee :

Tell but why *Thebes* is for thy Death accurst,
And I'll unbind the Charm.

Ghost. O spare my shame.

Tir. Are these two innocent ?

Ghost. Of my Death they ate.
But he who holds my Crown, Oh, must I speak !
Was doom'd to do what Nature most abhors.
The Gods foresaw it ; and forbore his winged
Before he yet was born. I broke their Law,
And cloath'd with Flesh his pre-existing Soul,
Some kinder Pow'r, too weak for delving,
Took pity, and indu'd his new-form'd Man
With Temperance, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude,
And every kingly Virtue, but in vain.
For Fate, that loves him Hood-wink'd to the World,
Perform'd its Work by his mistaking hands.
Asks thou who killed me ? Me ! Who Oedipus ?

Who

Who stains my Bed with blood? O Judgement! For whom were you made, my Oedipus? He comes; the Parcian did escort him forth: My Women take at him: On his Mard'rous breath Venoms my every substance chance with him. Banish him; sweep him out; the Plague he bears Will blast your realm, and make his way with ruin. From Thebes, my Throne, and from your City Do you forbid him Earth, and His form from Heaven. (Glyc. 41. 11.)

Eur. Oedipus, Oyon, son of Laius.

Oed. What's this! Methought some pestilential blast Strook me just eotring, and some unseen hand Struggled to push me backward? tell me why My hair stands bristling up, my limbs tremble! You stare at me! then tell me what's become of me, And some lag Fiend yet lingers in the Grot.

Tir. What Omen saw'lt thou yesterday?

Oed. A young Stork, That bore his aged Parent on his back; Till weary with the weight, he shook him off, And peck'd out both his Eyes.

Ahe. Oh, Oedipus!

Eur. Oh, wretched Oedipus!

Tir. O, Fatal King!

Oed. What mean this Exclamations of my Name? I thank the Gods, no secret thoughts reproach me; No; I dare challenge Heaven to turn me outward, And shake my Soul quite empty in your sight, Then wonder not that I can bear unmov'd These fix'd regards, and silent threats of Eyes: A generous fierceness dwells with innocence, And conscious Virtue is allow'd some pride.

Tir. Thou know'lt not what thou say'lt.

Oed. What mutters he! tell me, Murydice; Thou think'lt; thy Soul's a Woman. Speak, Adrestus, And boldly, as thou met'lt my Arms in fight; Dar'st thou not speak, why then 'tis bad indeed. Tirefin, thee I summon in the priest hood, Tell me what news from hell, where *Layes points*, And who's the guilty head?

Tir. Let me not answer.

Oed. Be dumb then, and betray thy native Soil To farther Plagues.

Tir. I dare not name him to thee.

Oed. Dar'st thou converse with Hell, and call thou man An humane name?

Tir. Liege me no more to tell a thing, Much known

Wou'

Worl'd make them more than I can tell, and then I
The I am silent.

Oed. Old and Queer, who art thou?—I am
Art Author or Accomplice of this Murder?—I am not
And then't is the Justice which has sent me here?—I am not
Thou hast incur'd.

Tir. O, if the guilt were mine!—I am not
It were not half so great;—I am not.—O, man!
Honour, thou art guilty;—my own Curse, I am not
Tells heavy on my self.

Oed. Speak again, I say;—I did lie, I am afraid,
But speak it to the Winds when they are tempestuous;—I am not
Or to the raging Seas, they will not hear thee;—I am not
And sooner will believe.

Tir. Then hear me Heaven,—I am not, I am not,
For blushing, though I feel it, I am not, I am not,
Whole hollow Womb could not contain a Murder, I am not, I am not,
But sent it back to light; and then,—He, wherefore, other than Blood?
Whose own black Seal has first done this foul murder?—I am not, I am not,
Oedipus murther'd *Laius*.—I am not, I am not, I am not, I am not,

Oed. Rot the tongue, that durst accuse me!—I am not, I am not,
And blasted be the mouth that bewrayeth Laius, I am not, I am not,
Thou blind of Sight, but thou more blind of Soul, I am not, I am not!

Tir. Thy Parents themselves, I am not, I am not, I am not, I am not,

Oed. Who, sayest thou?—I am not, I am not,

Tir. Thou shalt know too, I am not, I am not,
Oed. Why seek I truth from thee?—I am not, I am not,
Remember I am not, I am not, I am not,
The smiles of Courtiers, and their flattery?—I am not, I am not,
Whereto thy life?—I am not, I am not, I am not,
The Tradesmen's Oaths, and oaths of all Men?—I am not, I am not,
Are Truths to what Priests?—I am not, I am not, I am not,
O why has Fortune thus forsworn me?—I am not, I am not,
And yet to be believed?—I am not, I am not, I am not, I am not,
And be thyself a witness to thyself!—I am not, I am not,

Tir. Thou canst not kill me, and thereby save thyself.—I am not, I am not,
As 'twas to kill thy Father, and thy Mother?—I am not, I am not,
And beget Son, thy Brother.—I am not, I am not, I am not,

Oed. Riddles, Riddles!—I am not, I am not, I am not, I am not,

Tir. Thou art my selfe, Murtherer;—Every thing I am not,
Obscure Ensigne, which when thou wert.—I am not, I am not,
Thou shalt be found and looke for.—I am not, I am not, I am not,

Oed. Impossible!—I am not, I am not, I am not, I am not,

Astrologie, speak and in thowrest King.—I am not, I am not, I am not,

Whose Royal word is known, clear my Murtherer?—I am not, I am not,

Astro. Woud I conserue a life?—I am not, I am not, I am not,

Oed. Ha, will thou then cast that Murtherer?—I am not, I am not,

Of Lying mouth to King!—can they be taken?—I am not, I am not,

Then truth is lost on Earth.—I am not, I am not, I am not,

Crc. The Chariot, by the hand of Jove!—I am not, I am not, I am not,

Astro. —

Adrastus' wife Oracle. — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.* — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.*

The pious Justice, howe'rye hee, — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.* — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.*

Ord. — The pious Justice, howe'rye hee, — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.* — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.*

Ces. And save the pious Justice, — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.* — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.*

Ord. O, honest Creasy, — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.* — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.*

Eur. Hear me, — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.* — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.*

Ces. She's bin'd to give her Lorent to the Duke, — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.* — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.*

Adr. If *Ordnance* or *Miles*, — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.* — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.*

Ces. Hear him not, — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.* — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.*

Adr. Then hear their holy men, — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.* — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.*

Ces. Priests, Priests, all bribe, all Priests, — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.* — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.*

Ord. *Adrastus' wife Oracle.* — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.* — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.*

The malice of a vanellin woman, — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.* — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.*

Adr. If Savy andnes, — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.* — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.*

Ord. I'll hear no more, — away with him, — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.* — *Adrastus' wife Oracle.*

To Tim. Why flat'th' thy cheek? — *Croesus and Europa.* — *Croesus and Europa.*

Sp'ld, and yet so pale, — *Croesus and Europa.* — *Croesus and Europa.*

And gain so thort a morn, — *Croesus and Europa.* — *Croesus and Europa.*

So short a time as I have yet to live, — *Croesus and Europa.* — *Croesus and Europa.*

Exceeds thy pointed hour, — remember *Leyas* now, — *Croesus and Europa.* — *Croesus and Europa.*

No more, if e'er we meet again, — *Croesus and Europa.* — *Croesus and Europa.*

In mutual darkness; we shall feel before us, — *Croesus and Europa.* — *Croesus and Europa.*

To reach each others hand; — Remember *Leyas* now, — *Croesus and Europa.* — *Croesus and Europa.*

To Tim. — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

Remember *Leyas*! that's the burthen still, — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

Murther and Incest! but an hev'ly curse, — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

My Soul harts in pit'f the good *Sensibelle*, — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

Stands to her weapons; takes the first, — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

To guard me from such Crimells, — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

Then I walk'd sleeping, — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

My Soul then stolent *Rey* over *Rey*, — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

And brought me back to *Rey*, — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

It cannot be ev'n this remotest way, — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

But some dark hint would jutte forward now, — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

And goad my memory, — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

To M. — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

Ord. Why are you thus disurb'd? — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

God. Why wouldst thou think so? — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

No less than Murther? — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

To M. Murder? whereof Murther shall — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

Ord. Is Murther then no more? — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

And Incest? hear whatt's a frightful sinne, — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

To M. Alas! — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

Ord. How poor a pity is Alas, — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

For two such Crimes! — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

Ces. — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

To M. — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

Ord. — *Timon of Athens.* — *Timon of Athens.*

Jr. Oh no; the next Scene, plain, and simple, was
One who abhorr'd it?

Oed. This is the next Scene, plain, and simple.
He charges me with the Murder of his Father,
I did not hear him say so, though I know it well.

The Priest. Rightly you charge me with the Murder
Of Murdering. Let me speak while I think on some
Hasty Questions, which may trouble me.

Jr. What Troubles you? speak, speak, speak.

Oed. Why this forewarning, when I am not guilty?

Jr. For many years past, when I did make
How bold was I.

Oed. How before long days, when I did make
He Aghion was born, and he did make

Jr. Never.

Oed. Have you 'er this legend, 'mortal this Murder?

Jr. Often; but still as I did make
Says of the King, he did make

Oed. I am satisfy'd.

Jr. Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

Then it's an infant lye; but still as I did make

The Oracle when place Before the Priest;

The blood of Læsor, he did make

I'm not of Læsor's blood.

Jr. Ev'n Oracles

Are always doubtful, and are often false;

Læsor had one, which never was fulfill'd,

Nor ever can be now!

Oed. And what say'ld he?

Jr. That he shord have a Son by me, following

The Murderer of his Father? methought, when

A Son was born; but to prevent this crime, I did make

The wretched infant of a gallin' Peacock, and call'd him Læsor.

He did make Bore'd through his mother's womb, and did make

On a bleak Moone, and did make

The King himself did make

And found a difficult time to bring him up.

Where three ways meet.

Jr. And this the Faith we owe.

Oed. Say'lt thou, Woman?

By Heav'n than half wakn' drownd me to m'de,

Two Royal Messes; spake

That shakes my very Soul!

Jr. What, new and strange?

Oed. Methought these four, — for I did make

This Murder was on Læsor, — for I did make

Where three ways meet.

Jr. So common sense reports.

Oed. Would it had been

I did make to D—,

Jr. Why, good my—

Oed. No questions.

Jr. To God to the next scene, — for I did make

Tis busie time with me, — for I did make

To

Say where, what was the name of the man you saw?

Joc. Macmillan, the name of the man I saw, he is a good fellow.

Ord. Could thou tell me where he dwelt?

Joc. They say in France he dwelt at Paris, or in Italy, or in Spain, or in
From Dublin and from London he came, and dwelt in Ireland.

Ord. So? — How long didst thou stay there?

Joc. Some little time before you came to Thessaly.

Ord. What will the God do with me?

Joc. What means that language?

Ord. Something; but I do not know what it is.

How old was Lazarus, what his name, his nature?

His Action and his mind? Once a youth, now a beggar.

Joc. Big made he man, and tall; his part was fierce,
Erect his countenance, Menial, Master, Slave, he was a King,
Sate in his front, and darted from his eyes, a look of terror,
Commanding all he viewed; his hair just grizzled,
As in a green olive age; bare his head, his locks were grey;
You are his Picture?

Ord. aside. Pray Heaven he dasht me down, —

Joc. So I have often told you.

Ord. True, you have;

Add that to the rest: how was the King?

At his slaves gazing, his hand upon his sword,

Attended when he travell'd, —

Joc. By four Servants:

He went out privately.

Ord. Well computed stills,

One scap'd I hear, what has become of him?

Joc. When he beheld you, fell to King in Thessaly,

He kneel'd, and trembling, begg'd a moment's grace, —

He had my leave, and now had none more,

Bore'd, tremblyg, his master, —

Ord. This Man shall be made King.

Joc. He shall — yet have I seen him —

Ord. Yes, you shall know: —

The Anguish of my Soul, —

What price was given? —

I need not tell you Corinub claims my birth;

My Parents Polybus and Merope,

Two Royal Names; their only Child, —

It happen'd once; 'twas the King's Fault,

One warm with Wine, said me I was a Scoundrel,

Not the King's Son, Hungry with this reproach,

Strook him: my Father heard of it, — the men

Was made ask pardon, and the butler beaten.

Joc. 'Twas somewhat odd.

Ord. And strangely it perplex'd me.

I stole away to Delphi, and implor'd

The God, to tell my certain Pareage.

No bade me seek no farther, — from my birth — am driv'n

To

To kill my Father, and make his wife
By marrying her younger son.

Yin, vain O'er

One. But yet they do.

I look on Corinth as a dangerous place
Resolved my dearest friends to leave it.

DO YOU HAVE A HOME IN THE COUNTRY? ARE YOU CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR PROPERTY'S SECURITY?

Joe: I am not a
One: I am not a thought
Two: I am not a thought

10. The following table shows the number of hours worked by 1000 workers in a certain industry.

One man too like, (dear'n grant it prove not him)

Whom you describe? [Read more](#)

And here they were, in the middle of the night,
I judg'd 'em Russians, with their uniforms on.

The force they need. **Call** **his home**

The fifth upon his cheek, and the sixth upon his brow; and as he did so, the

A New Lajun, with One Thousand

From Thebes and you will find the **Pyramids** and the **Temple of Horus**.
From Corinth take the road to **Aegina**.

Juc. Perplex not to be solved.

So Phwba said: this Bandya is good for the people.

and marder'd not my L-115, but I'm still here.

Oed. There's all my life to live now and no time
And I shall live again!

To you good God, I thank thee.

**Or clear my Virtues up, and make them fit
If wandering in the world, and make them fit.**

And backward trod the path he had come.

**Impose my Errors so you may Learn,
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.** [Ex. Amherst]

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ACTIV SCENE an original

PATENTED - CROWN - STAINLESS STEEL - 100% TITANIUM

Fy. **S**OME business of importance. To complete my story this week. On
You seem to go with; nor did I have to trouble you about that.
When you are please'd by a malicious injury, & I am to do nothing to you.
Whole Red and Fine Yarn. It is enough for us. We have
A glowing pleasure. Sure you will come to us.
And I could gladly hear.

Cry. Would thou
This glad heart of mine
Has Thunder-storms
The confidess of so
He fears Justice, fearing
He fears the minister
An Age of laughter
He chuses me to be his wife
Shall I tell him
Are joint conspiring
Appease the raving
To do.

**Pr. A dangerous undertaking
Directly opposite our own interests.**

*Che, Non solo i
With all the wings you have, you can't fly away.*

With all the wings with which I've come impudent as ever.
My flight, I grant'd the mid-life of my Corpse,
There, standing on a precipice, and driving
I to the mad and lucky suicide,
With interrupting sobs crying out, O Yester, when bus'nd I knew
O wretched Thebes, my King, thy *Oidipus*,
This barbarous stranger, this Unspur, Monst'r,
Is by the Oracle the Wise Tiresias.

Proclaim'd the Murderer of the King, & Queen, & all their Sons & Daughters of
Jewes too, no longer naming Silesia, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.
It found Comptroller in the House, & did him ill, & then it went to
Here I renounce all tyre or Blood and Vengeance, & will live in Peace
For thee, O Thibet, dear Thibet, & weeping & wailing, & woe, & woe,
And these I wept, and then the other day, & then the next day, & then the next day,
And roar'd, and with a loud voice, & then again, & again, & again, & again,
Gabbled Revenge, Revenge, & then again, & again, & again, & again.

Pyr. This cannot fail. Are you ready?—
And Oeding cast one.

Cres. Then straight came on
Alexander, with a Wild and bellowing Crowd,
Whom when he had wrought, I whisper'd him to joyn,
And head the Forces while the King was in
So to the Palace I hurried'd to meet
The King and greet him with another Story,
But see, he enters.

*Old Said you have given him a sword yet he has not
treats he may return without it. I am not afraid of any boy
of ought concerning what we will do.*

Replying, what he knew ~~about~~ not, the King said, "A young person would give no satisfaction to the King." And a company of nobles said,

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Then, falling on his knees, begged for life,
To be dismiss'd from Court; he trembled so,
As if Conclusive death had impended before him;
And however'd in his knees, he pray'd, "O my good Lord,
That had he been me murderer,
Guile and dissimulation could not have liv'd him."

Order of your election, and you will be sent to
Lay before the **Treasurer**, and to have the same remitted by
Be of good cheer; if thou receivest my peace, then comest thou into
Secure him, and he will be safe; and if thou follow long after me,
Shrink not his name.

*Joe Rather let him go
So my poor boding heart breaks now / In
Without a reason.*

Ord. - Hark, the Tribune comes!
Therefore retire : and once more, *Adieu, my love !*
Let Phœbus be received.

*Joe You shall, while I have life, be still above;
Have life, be still above; In vain you sooth me with your soft endearments,
In vain you sooth me with your soft endearments,
And set the falter'd countenance to view.
Your gloomy eyes, my Lord, doth a double wrong to me:
And inward languishing: that O'er all my frame doth bear,
Eats like a subtle Worm, the worm of heart, doth eat me up:
Preys on your heart, and gnaws away your life, doth eat me up.
However he beareth me, I never say so much, how willingly am I
All at his will, and let me with my love's excess!*

All, all is well ; nothing that you come
Ghast, Odius ! [Ex. Jocasta.

Old Ha! again the Green-¹ Moles-head'd in grim Aethon,
Thrice have I heard, thrice seen the morning down,
It hollow'd loud, all fit my Guardian Spirit
Call'd from some vanish'd mansion. Old Ha!
Or is it but the work of melancholy?
When the Sun sits shadow, that howl'd at noon
But small, appear unwilling and terrible,
So when we think Fate hovers o'er us here,
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds,
Owls, Ravens, Crickets seem the messengers of death,
Nature's world Vermine scare her Child-like Son,
Echoes, the very twilights of a Voice,
Gives hallooing Ghoulies, who call to our Graves,
Each-Mole-hill thought frown'd over the earth,
While we fantälis'd shadows, and the pale moon,
And swear with an Iffy hand, if we might not
As if like *Aura*, with these mortal scenes,
We could sustain the burden of the World. [Enter *Witch* forward.

10

Ore. O Sacred Sir, My Days are numbered, what can I do?
 Ord. What now?
 Ore. I am affrighted at your words.
 Thy breath comes short, and you are pale.
 On me thy aid, as I have done to you.
 I fear thou art too weak to stand.
 Fear not, this Palace is safe.
 The King himself, thy God, is here.

Ore. For me also,
 My Life's not worth a straw, and that is small.
 But fly, my Lord, by as your life is sacred.
 Your Face is precious to your faithful Country.
 Who therefore, can blame them that would
 You would remove from thence, and give your Country
 When I but offer'd at your Innocence,
 They gather'd Stones, and stoned with Devils,
 And drove me through the Streets, with many a curse,
 Against your Sacred Person, and those Friends of yours,
 Which justify'd your guilt, which can I tell, and tell well,
 Told, as from Heaven, who should follow me, and who may fit
 Ord. Rise, worthy Queen, here, and let your Guards,

Rank 'em in equal parts, and let them stand
 Then open every Guard, and let them stand
 And let the Torrent in. Now, here comes the
 Pikes of the Guards, and here comes the Guards.
 The dams that would oppose the flood, are burst with Guards.

Enter Adrastus, and others. *Adrastus* [To the Queen] All, stand by me; I am
 Adr. Your City
 Is all in Arms, all bent to vengeance, and revenge.
 I heard but now, ~~when~~ ^{that} the rebels
 Triumphed, and triumphed, and triumphed.
 A Thundring shout, which rent the air,
 It follow'd, loud, like Thunder,
 Call'd from the Palaces, and from the Cry,
 Or rent the air, and rending of the earth,
 Yet, by th' infernal Gods, that rent the earth,
 That have accus'd me, and my Country,
 Who else can I trust? But you, O Queen,
 And these Eyes seen, I must, and must see,
 So when we chuse, we choose the best.
 Our speeches, though they may be few,
 I have observ'd in all the Rebels, and the
 And God-like clearness, and the light
 Of Blood and Spirit, 'tis a noble sight,
 Name of Mortal, and the Queen of Heaven,
 And here have sworn to perish or to live.

Ord. Be witness, Gods, how near this Country
~~is~~ ^{is} to perishing. *Adrastus* [To the Queen]
 O what recompence can Glory make,
 When we suffer such a loss?
 Adr. Defend your inheritance, and
 And awe the Rebels with your power,
 But hark! the storm commences, listen,
 As if the Viper, with his fangs, were biting
 We cannot suffer in the presence of the Army.

The

The force of Majesty is never known
But in a General wrack: Then, then is seen
The difference 'twixt a Threshold and a Throne.

Enter Creon, Pyrasmon, Alexander, Tiresias, Thebans.

Alc. Where, where! this cruel King? *Thebans*, behold
There stands your Plague, the ruine, desolation
Of this unhappy —— speak: shall I kill him?
Or shall he be cast out to banishment?

Theb. To banishment, away with him.

Ord. Hence, you Barbarian, to your stilly distance,
Fix to the Earth your scordid looks, for he
Who stirs, dares more than mad-men, Fiends, or Furies:
Who dares to face me, by the Gods, as well
May brave the Majesty of thunders! *You*.
Did I for this relieve you when believ'd
By this fierce Prince, when com'd within your Walls,
And to the very brink of Fate reduc'd;
When lean jaw'd famine made more havock of you
Than does the Plague? but I rejoice —— *You*,
Know the base flout that tempor'd your vile souls:
The Gods be prais'd. I needed not your Empire,
Born to a greater, nobler of my own:
Nor shall the Scepter of the Earth now win me
To mle such Brutus, so barbarous a People.

Alc. Methinks, my Lord, I see a sad repentance,
A general confirmation spread among 'em.

Ord. My reign is at an end; yet e'er I finish —————

I'll do a Justice that becomes a Monarch,
A Monarch who i'th' midst of Swords and Javelins,
Dares act on his Throne, encompass'd round
With Nations for his Guards. *Hamon*, you
Are nobly born, therefore shall lose your head: [Seizes him.]
Here, *Hamon*, take him; bid him this, and this,
Let cords dispatch 'em. Hence, away with 'em,

Tir. O Sould Prince, pardon distracted *Thebes*,
Pardon her, if she acts by Heav'n's award;
If that the Infernal Spirits have declar'd
The depth of Fate, and if our Oracles
May speak, O do not too severely deal,
But let thy wretched *Thebes* at least complain.
If thou art guilty, Heav'n will make it known;
If innocent, then let *Thebes* dye.

Ord. I take thee at thy word. Run, halfe, and save *Alexander*,
I swear the Prophet with. King shall dye.
Be witness, all you *Thebans*, of my Oath:
And *Phobus* be the Limner.

Tir. I submit.

[Trumpets sound.]

Tir.

Oed. What mean those Trumpets?
Ham. From your Native Country.

Enter Jason and Alcander.

Great Sir, the fam'd *Aegon* is arriv'd,
 That renown'd Favourite of the King your Father :
 He comes as an Ambassador from *Corinib*,
 And sue's for Audience.

Oed. Haste, *Hamon*, fly, and tell him that I burn
 To embrace him.

Ham. The Queen, my Lord, at present holds him
 In private Conference; but behold her here.

Enter Jocasta, Eurydice, &c.

Joc. Hail, happy *Oedipus*, happiest of Kings !
 Henceforth be blest, blest as thou canst desire,
 Sleep without fears the blackest nighs away ;
 Let Furies haunt thy Palace, thou shall sleep
 Secure, thy slumbers shall be soft and gentle
 At Infants dreams.

Oed. What does the Soul of all my joys intend ?
 And whither would this capture ?

Joc. O, I could rave,
 Pull down those lyng Fanes, and burn that Vault,
 From whence resounded those false Oracles,
 That robb'd my Love of rest : if we must pray,
 Rear in the streets bright Altars in the Goss,
 Let Virgins hands adorn the Sacrifice,
 And not a geey-beard forging Prick come near,
 To pry into the Bowels of the Victim,
 And wish his dotage mad the gaping World.
 But see, the Oracle that I will truth,
 True as the Gods, and affable as men.

Enter Aegon, Knerr.

Oed. O, to my Arms, welcome, *Aegon*,
 Ten thousand welcomes. O, my Foster Father,
 Welcome as mercy to a man condemn'd !
 Welcome to me,

As to a sinking Marriner,
 The lucky Plank that bears him to the shore !
 But speak, O tell me what so mighty joy
 Is this thou bring'st, which so transtours people ?

Joc. Peace, peace *Aegon*, let *Jocasta* tell him !
 O that I could for ever charm, as now,
 My dearest *Oedipus*. Thy Royal Father,
Polybus, King of *Corinib*, is no more.

Oed. Ha ! can it be ? *Aegon*, answer me,
 And speak in short, what thy *Jocasta*'s transport
 May over do.

Aeg. Since in few words, my Royal, Lord you ask

To know the truth, King Polybus is dead.

Oed. O all you Pow'rs! is't possible my son, dead!
But that the Tempest of our rage, or
By just degrees, and his attainit the Stage,
Say, how, how dy'd he? Flatt by Thunder, by Fire,
Or Water? by Adalnates, or by long speak
Or did he languish under some disease?

Ege. Of no encounter, none. Maik he dy'd,
But fell like Autumn-Tree that mallow'd long:
Ev'n wonder'd at, because he dropp'd no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for four score years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten Winters more,
Till, like a Clock worn out with eating time,
The Wheels of weary life at last stood still.

Oed. O, let me press thee in my youthful arms,
And smother thy old age in my embraces.
Yes *Iobanis*, yes *Tanais*, yes *Adrofus*,
Old *Polybus*, the King my Father's dead.
Fires shall be kindled in the mid' th' of *Tokos*,
I'ch' mid' st' of Tomults, Wars, and Pestilence,
I will rejoice for *Polybus* his death.
Know, be it known to the limits of the World,
Yet further let it pass your dazzling roo'
The mansion of the Gods, and strike em deaf
With everlasting noise of Thundring joy.

Tr. Fate! Nature! Fortune! what is all this World?

Oed. Nun, Dotard; now, the blind old wizard Prophet,
Where are your boding Ghosts, your Altars now,
Your birds of knowledge, that indoky Air,
Chatter Futurey; and where are now
Your Oracles, that call'd me Barricid?
Is he not dead? deep livid'st Monument?
And was not I in *Tokos*, when he attackt him?
Avant, begon, you Vizors of the Gods!
Were I as other Sons, now I shoud weep;
But as I am? I've reasen to rejoice?
And will, thô his cold shade shoud rise and blast me.
O, for this death, let Waters break their banks,
Rocks, Valleys, Hills, with splitting roar!
Lo, *Jocasta*, lo passung!

Tr. Who would not now conclude an happy end?
But all Fate's turns are swift and unexpected.

Ege. Your Royal Mother *Merope*, as if
She had no Soul since you overlook the Land,
Waves all the neighbouring Princes that adore her.

Oed. Waves all the Princes! Poor heart! for what, O speak.

Ege. She, thô in full-blown bow'r of glorious beauty,

Grown cold, ev'n in the Summer of her life,
And for your sake had I forsworn my Country.

Oed. How! for my sake, you have forsworn your Country?
My fit returns.

Ege. This Diamond with a thousand life-like blinks,
With thousand lights and ripples for your beauty.
She charg'd me give you, with the general command
Of our Corinthian Lords.

Oed. There's Magick in it, take it from my sight,
There's not a beam it darts, but carries hell,
Hot flashing lust, and Necromantick incels.
Take it from the sick eye. Oh hide it from me.
No, my *Jocasta*, thô *Thibet* call me out,
While *Merope*'s alive, I'll ne'er return.
O, rather let me walk round the wide World
A begger, than accept a Diadem
On such abhor'd conditions.

Joc. You make, my Lord, your own unhappiness,
By these extravagant and needless fears.

Oed. Needles! O, all you Gods! by Heav'n I'd rather
Embrace my arms up to my very Shoulders
In the dear entrals of the bell of Fathers,
Than offer at the execrable act
Of damned Incels: therefore no more of her.

Ege. And why, O Sacred Sir, in Subjection
Prefume to look into their Monarchs brains,
Why should the chaste and spotless *Merope*
Infuse such thoughts as I must blush to name?

Oed. Because the God of *Delphi* did foreward me?
With thundring Oracles.

Ege. May I intreat to know how?
Oed. Yes, my *Egeus*, but the last remembrance
Quite blasts my Soul: see then the swelling Priest:
Methinks I have his Image now in view,
He mounts the *Tripes* in a minute space,
His clouded head knocks at the Temple roof,
While from his mouth,

These dismal words are heard:

" Fly, wretch, whom Fate has doom'd thy Father's blood to spill,
" And with preposterous Births thy Mother's Womb to fill."

Ege. Is this the cause
Why you refuse the Diadem of *Corinthus*?

Oed. The Cause! why is it not a monstrous one?

Ege. Great Sir, you may return; and that you should
Enjoy the Queen (which all the Gods forbids),
The act would prove no incel.

Oed. How, *Egeus*?

Thou enjoy'd my Mother, and didst make her O'er-joy'd me. If any
Thou ravish'd, and so do I; and if any didst ravish me, it was only
My madness; look, they read me like a book, and think it is his sin O'
Not incest! what, not incest? O' sin, O' sin, that makes me!
Ege. My Lord, Queen Merope, is dead, your Mother.

Oed. Ha! did I hear you right? Queen Merope, is dead, your Mother?
My Mother!

Ege. Not was Polybus your Father.
Oed. Then all my days and nights must now be spent
In curious search, to find out shov'd dark parents
Who gave me to the World; speak then *Egeus*,
By all the Gods Celestial and Infernal,
By all the ties of Nature, Blood and Friendship,
Conceal not from this rack'd despairing King
A point or smallest grain of what thou knowst:
Speak then, O answer to my doubts directly.
If Royal Polybus was not my Father,
Why was I call'd his Son?

Ege. He, from my Arms,
Receiv'd you as the fairest gift of Nature,
Not but you were adorn'd with all the Riches
That Empire could bestow in costly mantles
Upon its Infant Heir.

Oed. But was I made the Heir of Corinth's Crown,
Because *Egeon*'s hand preserv'd me?

Ege. By my advice,
Being past all hope of Children,
He took, embrac'd, and own'd you for his Son.
Oed. Perhaps I then am yours, intrust me, Sir:
If it be so, i'll kneel and weep before you,
With all the obedience of a penitent child,
Imploring pardon.
Kill me if you please,
I will not writh my Body at the wound:
But sink upon your feet, with a last sigh,
And ask forgiveness with my dying hands.

Ege. O rise, and call not to this aged cheek
The little blood which shoud keep warm my heart;
You are not mine nor ought I to be blest
With such a God-like off-spring: Sir, I found you
Upon the Mount Citharon.

Oed. O speak, go on, the Air grows sensible
Of the great things you utter, and is calm:
The hurry'd Orbe, with storms so rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still, as if that you were talking.
Citharon! speak, theullen of *Catherine!*

Ege. Oft-times before I thither did resort,
Charm'd

Charm'd with the Conversation of your Countrymen,
Who led a rural life, and had no care but Health.
O're all the Shepherds who were scattered over the Earth,
Tended their numerous flocks, in his Master's Affair.
I saw you smiling at the Sun, in the bright mid-day,
Whose point he often off'd at your Heart, to see if it would
But then you smil'd, and then you drew it back;
Then lifted it again, you smil'd again,
Till he at last in fury threw it from him,
And cry'd aloud, the Gods forbid thy death,
Then I rush'd in, and, after much discourse,
To me he did bequeath your innocent life; and so I left
And I, the welcome guest, return'd to the Hills of

Oed. To whom belongeth Master of the Shepherds?

Age. His name I knew not, or have I forgot,
That he was of the Family of Lame,

I will remember.

Oed. And is your Friend alive? for if he be
I'll buy his presence tho' it cost my Crown.

Age. Your menial attendants best can tell
Whether he lives, or not, and who has now
His place.

Joc. Winds bear me to some barren Island,
Where print of human Feet was never seen,
O'er-grown with Weeds of such a Mould as might,
Their baleful tops are wash'd with mauling clouds,
Beneath whose venomous shade I may have vent
For horrour that would blash the barbarous World.

Oed. If there be any here that know the person
Whom he describ'd, I charge him on his life
To speak; concealment shall be suffer'd death
But he who brings him forth, shall have reward
Beyond Ambition's lust.

Tyr. His name is Phorbis:
Jocasta knows him well; but if I may
Advise, Rest where you are, and seek no farther.

Oed. Then all goes well, since Phorbis is secur'd
By my Jocasta. Hail, and bring him forth!
My Love, my Queen, give Orders. Hail what means
These tears and Groans, and stragiling? Speak my Fair,
What are thy troubles?

Joc. Yours; and yours are mine:
Let me conjure you take the Prophets counsel,
And let this Phorbis go.

Oed. Not for the World,
By all the Gods, I'll know my birth, tho' death
Attends the search: I have already pull'd

The middle of the stream; and to return is no easy task.
Seems greater labour than to venture where you are bound to go.
Therefore produce him before us, and give us his command.

Joe. Once more, by the Gods, I bid you leave us alone.
I beg, my *Oedipus*, my Lord, my Master, of whom I am the slave,
My Love, my all, my only utmost happiness,
I beg you banish *Phorbas*. O, the Gods! who has set me to my woe?
I kneel, that you may grant this wretched quest. If you will not hear me,
Deny me all things else; but for my sake, no other creature is so wretched.
And as you prize your own eternal quiet, I shall. *Creon*,
Never let *Phorbas* come into your presence.

Oed. You must be rais'd, and *Phorbas* shall answer,
Tho' his dead eyes were *Basilisks*: Guards, harken, we
Search the Queens Lodgings, find and force him hither.

[Enter Guards.]

Joe. O, *Oedipus*, yet send,
And stop their Entrance, 'till it be too late:
Unless you wish to see *Jocasta* rent
With Furies, slain outright with mere distraction,
Keep from your eyes and mine the dreadful *Phorbas*.
Forbear this search, I'll think you more than mortal:
Will you yet hear me?

Oed. Tempests will be heard,
And Waves will dash tho' Rocks their walls keep——
But see, they enter. If you truly loveth me,
Either forbear this subject, or retire.

[Enter Hamon, Guards, with *Phorbas*.]

Joe. Prepare then, wretched Prince, prepare to hear
A story, that shall turn thee into Stone.
Could there be hewn a monstrous Gap in Nature,
A flaw made through the Center by some God,
Through which the Groans of Grief might strike thy ears,
They would not wound thee, as this story will.
Hark, hark! a hollow voice calls out aloud,
Jocasta: yes, I'll to the Royal Bed,
Where first the Mysteries of our loves were acted,
And double dye it with imperial Crimson,
Tear of this curling hair,
Be gorg'd with Fire, stab every vital part,
And when at last I'm slain, to Crown the horrors
My poor tormented Ghost shall cleave the ground,
To try if Hell can yet more deeply wound.

Oed. She's gone; and as she went, methought her eyes
Grew larger, while a thousand Smartick Spasms
Seething, like rising bubbles, on the brim, and thence
Peep'd from the Watry brink, and flew'd impudent.
I'll seek no more; but hush my Genius up.

That

That throws me on my Face. — Impossible! — O wretched Man, whose too the last thoughts
Ride swifter than the galloping Heav'n's round, who harb'ring mortal T
With an Eternal misery of the Soul.
Nay there's a time when ev'n the swelling sun
Seems to stand still, dead Glories are in the Ocean,
When not a breath disturbs the sombre Waves.
But Man, the very Monitor of the World,
Is ne'er at rest, the Soul for ever wakes.
Come then, since Destiny the active seems to move us, let us go.
Let's know the bottom. — There, you I fain'd almost have known.
Where is that Phœbus? —

Hem. Here, my Royal Lord.

Oed. Speak first, *Aegon*, say, 'tis the Man?

Aeg. My Lord it is: — tho' time has plough'd that face,
With many furrows since I saw it first;
Yet I'm too well acquainted with the ground, quite to forget it.

Oed. Peate; stand back a while.
Come hither Friend, I hear thy name is *Phœbus*.
Why dost thou turn thy face? I change thee answer
To what I shall enquire. Wert thou not once
The Servant of King *Laius* here in *Thebes*?

Phœ. I was, great Sir, his true and faifhfull Servant; —
Born and bred up in Court, no Forreign Slave.

Oed. What Office hadst thou? what Employement?

Phœ. He made me Lord of all his Rural pleasures;
For much he lov'd 'em: oft I entertain'd

With sporting *Swains*, o'er whom I had command.

Oed. Where was thy Reliefe? in what part o'th' Country
Didst thou most frequently resort?

Phœ. To Mount *Cithaeron*, and the pleasant Valleys
Which all about lye, shadowing large feet.

Oed. Come forth *Aegon*. — But why starts thou, *Phœbus*? —
Forward, I say, and Face to Face confront him.
Look wistly on him, through him if thou canst,
And tell me on thy Life, say, dost thou know him;
Did'st thou e'er him come to converse with him;
Near Mount *Cithaeron*?

Phœ. Who, my Lord, thin Man? —

Oed. This Man, this old, unmerciful Man! —

Speak, didst thou ever meet him near his dwelling?

Phœ. Where, Sacred Sir?

Oed. Near Mount *Cithaeron*; answer to the purpose;

'Tis a King speaks; — Royal ministrations

Of much more worth than thine hand. —

Didst thou e'er see this Man? —

Phœ. Most sure, my Lord, — Then him like those

His Visage bears; but know not where nor when.

Age. Is't possible you should forget your ancient Friend?
There are perhaps

Particulars which may excite your dead remembrance.

Have you forgot I took an Infant from you,

Doom'd to be murder'd in that gloomy Vale:

The Swadling-bands were Purple, wrought with Gold,

Have you forgot too how you wept and begg'd

That I should breed him up, and ask no more?

Pbor. What're I begg'd; thou, like a Dotard, speak it
More than is requisite: and what of this?

Why is it mention'd now? and why, O why
Dost thou betray the Secrets of thy Friend?

Age. Be not too rash. That Infant grew at last
A King: and here the happy Monarch stands.

Pbor. Ha! Whither wouldst thou? O what hast thou utter'd!
For what thou hast said, Death strike thee dumb for ever.

Oed. Forbear to curse the innocent; and be
Accurst thy self, thou shifting Traytor, Villain,
Damn'd Hypocrite, equivocating Slave.

Pbor. O Heaven's! wherein, my Lord, have I offended?

Oed. Why speak you not according to my Charge?
Bring forth the Rack: since Mildness cannot win you,
Torments shall force.

Pbor. Hold, hold, O dreadful Sir,
You will not Rack an innocent old Man.

Oed. Speak then.

Pbor. Alas, what would you have me say?

Oed. Did this old Man take from your Arms an Infant?

Pbor. He did: And, Oh! I wish to all the Gods,

Pbor. had perish'd in that very moment.

Oed. Moment, Thou shalt be Hours, Days, Years a dying.
Here, bind his hands; he dallies with my Fury:

But I shall find a way—

Pbor. My Lord, I said
I gave the Infant to him.

Oed. Was he thy own, or given thee by another?

Pbor. He was not mine; but given me by another.

Oed. Whence? and from whom? what City? of what House?

Pbor. O Royal Sir, I bow me to the ground,
Would I could sink beneath it: by the Gods,
I do conjure you to enquire no more.

Oed. Furies and Hell! *Hamon*, bring forth the Rack;
Fetch hither Cords, and Knives, and sulphurous Flames:
He shall be bound, and gash'd, his Skin flend off,
And burnt alive.

Pbor. O spare my Age!

Oed. Rise then, and speak.

Phor. Dread Sir, I will.

Oed. Who gave that infant to thee?

Phor. One of King Laius's family.

Oed. O, you immortal Gods! but say, who must?

Which of the Family of Laius gave it?

A Servant, or one of the Royal Blood?

Phor. O Wretched State! I dye, unless I speak;

And, if I speak, most certain death attends me!

Oed. Thou shalt not dye. Speak then, who was it, speak.

While I have sense to understand the horror;

For I grow cold.

Phor. The Queen Jocasta told me

It was her Son by Laius.

Oed. O you Gods! But did she give it thee?

Phor. My Lord, she did.

Oed. Wherefore, for what? — O break not yet my Heart,

Tho' my Eyes burst, no matter: wilt thou tell me,

Or must I ask for ever? for what end?

Why gave she thee her Child?

Phor. To murder it.

Oed. O more than savage! murder her own Bowels!

Without a cause?

Phor. There was a dreadful one,

Which had foretold that most unhappy Son,

Should kill his Father, and enjoy his Mother.

Oed. But, one thing more,

Jocasta told me thou wert by the Chariot

When the old King was slain? Speak, I conjure thee,

For I shall never ask thee ought again.

What was the number of the Assassins?

Phor. The dreadful deed was acted but by one;

And sure that one had much of of your resemblance.

Oed. 'Tis well! I thank you Gods! 'tis wondrous well:

Daggers and Poison; O there is no need

For my dispatch; and you, you merciless Pow'rs,

Hoard up your Thunder-stones; keep, keep your Bolts.

For Crimes of little note.

Ady. Help, Heron, strip, and bow him gently forward;

Chafe, chafe his Temples; how the mighty Spirits,

Half strangl'd with the damp his Sorrows rais'd,

Struggle for vent: but see, he breaths again,

And vigorous Nature breaks through all opposition.

How fares my Royal Friend?

Oed. The worse for you.

O barbarous Men, and oh the hated light,

Why did you force me back to curse "the dogs"

[Rolle.

To curse my Friends ; to blast with this dark breath
 The yet untainted Earth and circling Air ?
 To raise new Plagues, and call new Vengeance down,
 Why did you tempt the Gods, and dare to touch me ?
 Methinks there's not a hand that grasps this Hell
 But should run up like Flax all blazing Fire.
 Stand from this spot, I wish you army Friends,
 And come not near me, lest the gaping Earth
 Swallow you too — Lo, I am gone already.

*Dreams, and claps his Sword to his Breast, which Adrastus
 strikes away with his Foot.*

Adr. You shall no more be trusted with your Life :

Creon, Alcander, Hamon, help to hold him.

Oed. Cruel Adrastus ! Wilt thou, Hamon too ?
 Are these the obligations of my Friends,
 O worse than worst of my most barbarous Foes !
 Dear, dear Adrastus, look with half an Eye
 On my unheard of woes, and judge thy self,
 If it be fit that such a wretch should live !
 O, by these melting Eyes, unuse'd to weep,
 With all the low submissions of a Slave,
 I do conjure thee give my horrors way ;
 Talk not of Life, for that will make me rave :
 As well thou mayst advise a tortur'd wretch,
 All mangled o'er from head to foot with wounds,
 And his bones broke, to wait a better day.

Adr. My Lord, you ask me things impossible ;
 And I with Justice should be thought your Foe,
 To leave you in this Tempest of your Soul.
 Tho' banish'd Thebes, in Corinth you may Reign
 Th' Infernal Pow'rs themselves exact no more :
 Calm then your rage, and once more seek the Gods.

Oed. I'll have no more to do with Gods, nor Men :
 Hence from my Arms, avant. Enjoy thy Mother !
 What, violate, with Bestial appetite,
 The sacred Veils that wraps thee yet unborn ;
 This is not to be born, hence, off, I say !
 For they who lett my Vengeance, make themselves
 Accomplices in my most horrid guilt.

Adr. Let it be so, we'll fence Heav'n's fury from you,
 And suffer altogether : This perhaps,
 When ruin comes, may help to break your fall.

Oed. O that, as oft I have at Athens seen
 The Stage arise, and gloomy Clouds descend ;
 So now in very deed I might behold
 The pond'rous Earth, and all yon marble Roof
 Meet, like the hands of Jove, and crush Mankind :

For all the Elements, and all the Pow'rs
Celestial, nay, Terrestrial and Infernal,
Conspire the Rack of our cast *Oedipus,*
Fall darkness then, and everlasting night;
Shadow the Globe; may the Sun never dawn,
The Silver Moon be blotted from her Orb;
And for an universal rout of Nature
Through all the immortall Chambers of the sky,
May there not be a glimble, one Starry spark,
But Gods meet Gods, and juslce in the dark.
That Jars may rise, and wrath Divine be hurl'd,
Which may to Atoms shake the solid World.

[Exeunt.]

A C T V . S C E N E I .

Creon, Alcander, Pyracmon.

Cre. **T**HESSES is at length my own; and all my wishes,
Which sure were great as Royalty e're form'd,
Fortune and my auspicious Stars have Crown'd.
O Diadem, thou Center of Ambition,
Where all its different Lines, are reconcil'd,
As if thou wert the burning-glass of Glory!
Pyr. Might I be Counsellor, I won'd intreat you
To cool a little, Sir;
Find out *Eurydice*;
And, with the resolution of a Man
Mark'd out for greatness, give the fatal choice
Of Death or Marriage.

Ale. Survey eur'sd *Oedipus*,
As one who, thô unfortunate, 's belov'd,
Thought innocent, and therefore much lamented
By all the *Thebans*; you must mark him dead:
Since nothing but his death, nor banishment,
Can give assurance to your doubtful Reign.

Cre. Well have you done to snatch me from the *Batum*
Of racking Transport, where the little streams
Of Love, Revenge, and all the under Passion,
As Waters are by sucking Whirl-pools drawn,
Were quite devour'd in the vast Gulph of Empire.
Therefore *Pyracmon*, as you boldly urg'd,
Eurydice shall dye, or be my Bride.
Alcander, Summon to their Master's aid.

My

My Mental Servants, and all those whom change
Of State, and hope of the new Monarch's FAVOUR,
Can win to take our part; Away; what now? say of **F₃** Alexander.

Enter Hemon.

When **Hemon** weeps, without the help of Ghosts,
I may foretell there is a fatal Cause.

Hem. Is't possible you should be ignorant
Of what has happen'd to the desperate King?

Cre. I know no more, but that he was conducted
Into his Closet, where I saw him sing
His trembling Body on the Royal Bed:
All left him there, at his desire, alone:
But sure no ill, unless he dy'd with grief,
Could happen, for you bore his Sword away.

Hem. I did; and, having lock'd the door, I stood
And through a chink I found, not only heard,
But saw him, when he thought no Eye beheld him;
At first, deep sighs heav'd from his woful Heart,
Murmurs and groans, that shook the outward Rooms,
And art thou still alive, O wretch! he cry'd?
Then groan'd again, as if his sorrowful Soul
Had crack'd the strings of Life, and burst away.

Cre. I weep to hear how then should I have griev'd
Had I beheld this wondrous heap of Sorrow
But, to the fatal period.

Hem. Thrice he struck,
With all his force, his hollow groaning Breast,
And thus, with o'er-cries, to himself complain'd.
But thou canst weep then, and thou thinkst 'tis well,
These bubbles of the shallow emp'cial sorrow,
Which Children vent for toys, and Women rain
For any trifle their fond Hearts are set on;
Yet these thou think'st are ample satisfaction
For bloodiest Murder, and for burning Lust:
No, Parricide, if thou must weep, weep bold;
Weep Eyes, instead of Tears: O, by the Gods!
'Tis greatly thought, he cry'd, and fits my woe
Which said, he sinn'd revengefully, and leap'd
Upon the floor; thence gazing at the Skies,
His Eye-balls fiery Red, and glowing vengeance,
Gods, I accuse you not, tho' I no more
Will view your Heaven, till with more durable glasses,
The mighty Soul's immortal Perspectives,
I find your dazzling Beings. Take, he cry'd,
Take, Eyes, your last; your fatal farewell view,

When with a groan that seem'd the call of Death,
With horrid force lifting his impious hand,
He wrench'd, he tore, from forth their bloody Orbs,
The Balls of sight, and dash'd em on the ground.

Cre. A Master-piece of horror, new and dreadful!

Hem. I ran to succour him, but, oh! too late;
For he had pluck'd the remnant strings away.
What then remains, but that I find *Thebes*,
Who, with his Wisdom, may allay those Furies
That haunt his gloomy Soul?

Cre. Hear'n will reward Thy care; most honest, faithful fool! *Hemon*?
But see, *Alexander* enters, well attended.

Ex. Enter *Alexander*, attended.
I see thou hast been diligent.

Ale. Nothing these,
For number to the Crowds that soon will follow;
Be resolute,

And call your utmost Fury to revenge.

Cre. Ha! thou hast given Th' Alarm to Cruelty, and never may These Eyes be clos'd, till they behold *Adrastus*, Stretch'd at the feet of false *Eurydice*.

Enter *Adrastus*, *Eurydice*, attended.
Adr. Alas *Eurydice*, what fond rash Man
What inconsiderate and ambitious Fool,
That shall hereafter read the Fate of *Oedipus*.
Will dare, with his frail hand, to grasp a Scepter?

Emr. 'Tis true, a Crown seems dreadful, and I wish That you and I, more lowly plac'd, might pass Our softer hours in humble Cell-ways. Not but I love you to that infinite height, I could (O wondrous proof of fiercest Love,) Be greatly wretched in a Court with you.

Adr. Take then this most lov'd Innocence away, Fly from tumultuous *Thebes*, From Blood and Murder, Fly from the Author of all Villanies, Rapes, Death, and Treason, from that Fury *Creon*; Vouchsafe that I, o'rejoy'd, may bear you hence, And at your feet present the Crown of *Argos*.

Cre. I have o're-heard thy black design, *Adrastus*; And therefore, as a Traitor to this State, Death ought to be thy Lot, let it suffice That *Thebes* surveys thee as a Prince; shee not Her proffer'd mercy, but retire bedevell,

Lest we repent and halfe on thy Doom.

Adr. Think not, most abj'ct, that ever has nowe touch'd the
Most abhor'd of Men,
Adrastus, will vonchafe to answer thee.
To you I justify my Love,
I have address'd my Prayers to this fair Princeſt;
But, if I ever meant a violence,
Or thought to Ravish, as that Traitor did,
What humbleſt Adorations could not win;
Brand me, you Gods, blot me with foul diſhonour,
And let Men curse me by the name of *Ōneſtus*.

Eur. Hear me, O *Tebans*, if you dread the wrath
Of her whom Fate ordain'd to be your Queen,
Hear me, and dare not, as you prize your lives,
To take the part of that Rebellious Traitor.
By the Decree of Royal *Oedipus*,
By Queen *Jocasta's* order, by what's more,
My own dear Vows of everlasting Love,
I here resign to Prince *Adrastus* Arms
All that the World can make me Miftress of.

Cre. O perjur'd Woman!
Draw all, and when I give the word, fall on.
Traitor, resign the Princeſt, or this moment
Expect, with all those most unfortunate wretches,
Upon this spot straight to be hewn in pieces.

Adr. No, Villain, no,
With twice those odds of Men,
I doubt not in this Cause
To vanquish thee.

Captain, remember to your Care I give
My Love; Ten thousand thousand times more dear
Than Life, or Liberty.

Cre. Fall on, *Aleander*.
Pyramon, you and I must wheel about O ! in baseſt wrong O
For nobler Game, the Princeſt.

Adr. Ah, Traitor dost thou flun me?
Follow, follow,
My brave Companions; see, the Cowards fly.

Eur. Esy fighting: Creon's Party beaten off by Adrastus.

Oed. O, 'tis too little this? the loss of Sight,
What has it done? I shall be ga'nd at now.
The more, be pointed at. There goes the Monſter?
Nor have I bid my horror from my ſelfe, ſo ſteadie
For tho' corporeal Light be lost for ever,
The bright reflecting Soul, through glaring Opticks
Presents in larger ſize her black looks, and b'ysell vnto me.

Doubling the bloody prospect of my Crimes :
Holds Fancy down, and makes her act again.
With Wife, and Mother, Tortures, Hell, and Furies.
Ha! now the baleful off-spring's brought to light!
In horrid form they rank themselves before me :
What shall I call this Medly of Creation?
Here one, with all th' obedience of a Son,
Borrowing *Jocasta's* look, kneels at my feet,
And calls me Father, there a sturdy Boy,
Resembling *Laius* just as when I kill'd him,
Bears up, and with his cold Hand grasping mine,
Cries out, How likes my Brother *Oedipus*?
What, Sons and Brothers? Sisters, and Daughters too?
Fly all, begon, fly from my whirling Brain;
Hence, Incest, Murder; hence, you ghastly Figures.
O Gods! Gods, answ're, is there any mean,
Let me go mad, or dye.

Enter Jocasta.

Jac. Where, where is this wretched of Mankind,
This stately Image of Imperial Sorrow,
Whose story told, whose very name but mention'd
Would cool the rage of Feavers, and unblock
The hand of Lust from the pale Virgin's Hair,
And throw the Ravisher before her Peet.

Oed. By all my fears, Perish *Jocasta's* voice,
Hence; fly; begon: O thou far worse than Worf
Of damning Charmers! O abhor'd, loath'd, Creature!
Fly, by the Gods, or by the Fiends, I charge thee,
Far as the East, West, North, or South of Heav'n,
But think not thou shalt ever inter thicke:
The Golden Gates are ward'd with Adaman,
Gainst thee, and me; and the Celestial Guards,
Still as we rise, will dash our Spirits down.

Jac. O wretched Pair! O greatly wretched we?
Two Worlds of Woe!

Oed. Art thou not gone then? Ha! How dar'st thou stand the Fury of the Gods?
How com'st thou in the Grave to reap new pleasures?

Jac. Talk not till thou mak'st me mad my roving Brain;
Groan still more Death; and may those dismal sources
Still bubble on, and pour forth Blood and Tears.
Methinks at such a meeting, Heav'n stands still,
The Sea nor Ebo, nor Flow: this Mole-Hill Earth
Is heav'd no more: the busie Emmites out,
Yet hear me on —

Oed. Speak then, and mainly Con.

Jac. O, my lov'd Lord, tho' I resolve a Ruine

To

To my Urn ; by all my Miseries,

'Tis horror, worse than thousand thousand deaths,
To send me hence without a kind farewell.

Oed. Gods, how she shakes me ! stay thee, O *Jocasta*,
Speak something e'er thou goest for ever from me.

Joe. 'Tis Woman's weakness that I would be pity'd,
Pardon me then, O greatest, tho' most wretched,
Of all thy Kind : my Soul is on the brink,
And sees the boiling Furnace just beneath :
Do not thou push me off, and I will go
With such a willingness, as if that *Hecay* n.
With all its Glories glow'd for my reception.

Oed. O, in my Heart, I feel the pangs of Nature ;
It works with kindness o'r. Give, give me way ;

I feel a melting here, a tenderness.

Too mighty for the anger of the Gods :

Direct me to thy knees, yet oh forbear :

Left the dead Embers shou'd revive,

Stand off —— and at just distane

Let me groan my horrors —— here

On the Earth, here below my utmost Gale ;

Here sob my sorrows, till I burst with sighing ;

Here gasp and Languish out my wounded Soul.

Joe. In spight of all those Crimes, the cruel Gods

Can charge me with, I know my Innocence ;

Know yours : 'tis Fate alone that makes us wretched,

For you are still my Husband.

Oed. Swear I am,

And I'll believe thee, Neal into thy Arms,

Renew endearments, think 'em no pollutions,

But chaste as Spirits joys : gently I'll come,

Thus weeping blind, like dewy Night, upon thee,

And fold thee softly in my Arms to flumbers.

[The Ghost of Laus *ascends by degrees*, pointing at Jocasta.]

Joe. Begone, my Lord ! Alas, what are we doing ?

Fly from my Arms ! Whirl-winds, Seas, Continents,

And Worlds, divide us ! O thrice happy thou,

Who hast noise of Eyes ; for here's a light

Would turn the melting Face of Mercy a lew

To a wild Fury.

Oed. Ha ! what see'st thou there ?

Joe. The Spirit of my Husband ! O, the Gods !

How wan he looks !

Oed. Thou rav'lt, thy Husband's here.

Joe. There, there he moans.

In circling fire, amongst the blushing Clouds !

And see, he waves *Jocasta* from the World !

Ghost. Jocasta, Oedipus.

[With Thunder.]

Oed. What wouldst thou have?

Thou know'st I cannot come to thee, detain'd
In darkness here, and kept from means of death.
I've heard a Spirit's voice is wonderful;

At whose approach when parting from his Dungeon,
The Earth does shake, and the old Ocean groans,
Rocks are remov'd, and Towers are Thunder'd down;
And walls of Brass, and Gates of Adamant,
Are passable as Air, and fleet like Winds.

Joc. Was that a Raven's Croak or my Son's voice?
No matter which; I'll to the Grave and hide me;

Earth open or I'll tear thy bowels up.

Hark! he goes on, and blabs the deed of incest.

Oed. Strike then, Imperial Ghost; dash all at once
This house of Clay into a thousand pieces.

That my poor lingring Soul may take her flight
To your immortal Dwellings.

Joc. Haste thee then,
Or I shall be before thee: See, thou canst not see;
Then I will tell thee that my wings are on:
I'll mount, I'll fly, and with a port Divine
Glide all along the gaudy Milky Boar,
To find my *Laius* out, ask every God
In his bright Palace, if he knows my *Laius*,
My Murder'd *Laius*!

Oed. Ha! how's this, *Jocasta*? Nay, if thy brain be sick, then thou art happy,

Joc. Ha! will you not? shall I not find him out?
Will you not show him? are my tears despis'd?
Why, then I'll thunder, yes, I will be mad,
And fright you with my cries, yes, cruel Gods,
Tho' Vultures, Eagles, Dragons tear my heart,
I'll snatch Celestial flames, fire all your dwellings,
Melt down your golden Roofs, and make your doors
Of Crystal fly from off their Diamond Hinges;
Drive you all out from your Ambrosial Hives,
To swarm like Bees about the field of Heav'n,
This will I do unless you shew me *Laius*,
My dear, my Murder'd Lord. 'O *Laius*! *Laius*! *Laius*!'

[Ex. Jocasta.

Oed. Excellent grief! why, this is as it should be!
No Mourning can be suitable to Crimes
Like ours, but what death makes, or madness forms.
I cou'd have wish'd methought for fight again,
To mark the gallantry of her distraction:
Her blazing Eyes darting the Wandering Stars.

T have

Have seen her mouth the Heav'ns and mate the Gods,
While with her Thundering Voice she menac'd high,
And every Accent twang'd with hearting sorrow;
But what's all this to thee? thou Coward yet
Art living, canst not, will not find the Road
To the great Palace of magnificent Death;
Tho' thousand ways lead to his thousand doors,
Which day and night are still unbarr'd for all.

[*Climbing of Swords; Drums and Trumpets without.*

Hark! 'tis the noise of clashing Swords, the sound
Comes near: O, that a Battle would come o'er me?
If I but grasp a Sword, or well a Dagger,
I'll make a ruine with the first that falls.

Enter Hemon, with Guards.

Hem. Seize him, and bear him to the Western Tow'r.
Pardon me, Sacred Sir, I am inform'd
That Creon has designs upon your life:
Forgive me then, if, to preserve you from him,
I order your Confinement.

Oed. Slaves unhand me.
I think thou hast a Sword: 'twas the wrong side:
Yet, cruel *Hemon*, think not I will live;
He that could fear his Eyes out, sure can find
Some desperate way to stife this curst breath;
Or if I starve! but that's a lingring Face;
Or if I leave my brains upon the wall,
The Aicry Stuif can easily o'er shoot.
Those bounds with which thou striv'st to pale her in:
Yes, I will perish in despight of thee;
And, by the rage that stirs me, if I meet thee
In the other World I'll curse thee for this usage.

Hem. *Tiresias*, after him I and with your counsel
Advise him humbly, charm, if possible,
These feuds within: while I without extinguish,
Or perish in th' Attempt, the Furious Creon,
That Brand which sets our City in a Flame.

Tir. Heav'n prosper your intent, and give a period
To all your Plagues: what old *Tiresias* can
Shall straight be done. Lead, *Manto* to the Tow'r. [Ex. *Tir. Manto.*

Hem. Follow me all, and help to part this Fray, [Trumpets again.
Or fall together in the bloody broil. [Ex.

*Enter Creon with Euridice, Pyramon and his Party giving
ground to Adrastus.*

Cre. Hold, hold your Armes, *Adrastus* Prince of Argos,
Hear, and behold, *Eurydice* is my Prisoner.

Adr. What would'st thou, Hell-hound?

Cre. See this brandish'd Dagger:

Forgo

Forgo th' advantage which thy Arms affords,
Or, by the Blood, which trembles through the flint
Of her whom more than life I know thou lovest,
I'll bury to the hilt, in her fair Breast,
This Instrument of my Revenge.

Adr. Stay thee, damn'd wretch ; hold, stop thy bloody hand.

Cro. Give order then, that on this instant now,
This moment, all thy Soldiers straight disband.

Adr. Away my Friends, hence fate has forsaken,
Begone, and leave me to the Villain's mercy.

Eur. Ah, my *Adræsus* ! call 'em, call 'em back !
Stand there ; come back ! O, cruel barbarous Men !
Could you then leave your Lord, your Prince, your King,
After so bravely having fought his Cause,
To perish by the hand of this base Villain ?
Why rather rush you not at once together
All to his ruine ? drag him through the Streets,
Hang his contagious Quarters on the Gates,
Nor let my death affright you.

Cro. Dye first thy self then.

Adr. O, I charge thee, hold.
Hence, from my presence all; he's not my Friend
That disobeys : See, art thou now appair'd ?
Or, is there ought else yet remains to do
That can atone to thee ? Haste thy thirst of Blood
With mine : but save, O save that innocent wretch.

Cro. Forego thy Sword, and yield thy self my Prisoner.
Eur. Yet while there's any dawn of hope to save
Thy precious life, my dear *Adræsus*,
What-e'er thou dost, deliver not thy Sword ;
With that thou mayst get off, tho' odds oppose thee :
For me, O, fear not ; no, he dares not touch me ;
His horrid love, will spare me. Keep thy Sword ;
Lest I be ravish'd after thou art slain.

Adr. Intrust me, Gods ! What shall *Adræsus* do ?

Cro. Do what thou wilt, when she is dead : my Soldiers
With numbers will over-pow'r thee. Is't thy wish
Eurydice should fall before thee ?

Adr. Traitor, no :
Better, that thou and I, and all Mankind
Should be no more.

Cro. Then cast thy Sword away,
And yield thee to my mercy, or I strike.

Adr. Hold thy rais'd Arm ; give me a moments pause,
My Father, when he blest me, gave me this,
My Son, said he, let this be thy last refuge,
If thou forgot'st it, misery attends thee :

Yet

Yet Love now charms us from you, which in all
The hazards of my life I never lost.
'Tis thine, my faithful sword, my only Trust,
Thò my Heart tells me that the Gift is fatal.

Cres. Fatal! Yes, foolish Love-sick Prince, it shall:
Thy Arrogance, thy Scorn,

My wounds remembrance,
Turn all at once the fatal point upon thee.

Pyracmon to the Palace, dispatch
The King: hang Hemon up, for he is Loyal,

And will oppose me: Come, Sir, are you ready?

Adr. Yes, Villain, for whatever thou canst dare.

Eur. Hold Creon, or through me, through me you wound.

Adr. Off, Madam, or we perish both; behold
I'm not unarm'd, my Poniard's in my hand:
Therefore away.

Eur. I'll guard your life with mine.

Cre. Dye both then; there is now no time for dallying.

Eur. Ah, Prince, farewell! farewell, my dear Adrastus. [Ditt.

Adr. Unheard of Monster! eldest born of Hell!

Down, to thy Primitive Flames.

[Stabs Creon.

Cre. Help, Soldiers, help:

Revenge me.

Adr. More, yet more: a thousand wounds!
I'll stamp thee still, thus, to the gaping Furies.

[Adrastus falls, kill'd by the Soldiers.

Enter Hemon, Guards with Alcander, and Pyracmon bound:
the Assassins are driven off.

O Hemon, I am slain; nor need I name
The inhumane Author of all Villanies;
There he lies gasping.

Cre. If I must plunge in Flames,
Burn first my Arm, base Instrument, unfit
To act the dictates of my daring Mind:
Burn, burn for ever, O weak substitute.
Of that, the God, Ambition.

Adr. She's gone, O deadly Marks-man, in the Heart!
Yet in the pangs of death she grasps my Hand:
Her Lips too tremble, as if she would speak
Her last Farewell. O, Oedipus, thy fall
Is great; and nobly now thou goest attended!
They talk of Heroes, and Celestial Beauties,
And wondrous pleasures in the other World;
Let me but find her there, I ask no more.

[Ditt.

[Ditt.

[Ditt.

Enter a Captain to Hamon, with Tyrcis and Manto.

Capt. O, Sir, the Queen *Jocasta*, wifc and wifc,
As a robb'd Tygress bounding o're the Woods,
Has acted Murders that amaze mankind:
In twisted Gold I saw her Daughters hang
On the Bed Royal; and her little Sons
Stabb'd through the breasts upon the bloody Pillows.

Hamon. Relentless Heav'ns! is then the Fate of *Jocasta*,
Never to be Atow'd? How sacred ought
Kings lives be held, when but the Death of one
Demands an Empire's blood for Expiation?
But see! the furious mad *Jocasta* is here.

*Scene draws, and discloses Jocasta held by her Women, and stabb'd
in many places of her bosom, her hair dishevel'd, her Children
slain upon the Bed.*

Was ever such a sight of so much horror,
And pity, brought to view!

Joe. Ah, cruel Women!
Will you not let me take my last farewell
Of those dear Babes? O let me run and seal
My melting Soul upon their bubbling wounds!
I'll print upon their Coral mouths such kisses,
As shall recall their wandring Spirits home.
Let me go, let me go, or I will tear you piece-meal.
Help, *Hamon*, help;
Help, *Oedipus*; help, Gods; *Jocasta* dyes.

Enter Oedipus above.

Oed. I've found a Window, and I thank the Gods,
'Tis quite unbarr'd: sure by the distant noise,
The height will fit my Fatal purpose well.

Joe. What hoa, my *Oedipus*! see where he stands!
His groping Ghost is lodg'd upon a Tow'r,
Nor can it find the Road: Mount, mount my Soul;
I'll wrap thy shivering Spirit in Lambent Flames! and so we'll sail;
But see! we're landed on the happy coast;
And all the Golden Strands are cover'd o'er
With glorious Gods, that come to try our cause;
Joe, Joe, whose Majesty now links me down,
He who himself burns in unlawful Fires,
Shall judge, and shall acquit us. O, 'tis done!
'Tis fixt by Fate, upon Record Divine:
And *Oedipus* shall be now ever mine.

Oed. Speak, *Hamon*; what has Fate budoing there?
What dreadful deed has mad *Jocasta* done?

Hamon. The Queen her self, and all your wretched Off-spring,

Are by her Fury slain.

Oed. By all my woes,

She

[Dys]

She has out-done me, in revenge and murder
 And I should envy her the sad infliction:
 But, Oh! my Children! Oh!, what have they done?
 This was not like the mercy of the Heav'ns,
 To set her madness on such Cruelty;
 This stirs me more than all my sufferings,
 And with my last breath I must call you Tyrants.

Hem. What mean you, Sir?

Oed. *Jneasha!* lo, I come.

O, Lajm, Labdaens, and allyou Spirits
 Of the Cadmean Race, prepare to meet me,
 All weeping rang'd along the gloomy Shore;
 Extend your Arms t' embrace me; for I come;
 May all the Gods too from their Battlements
 Behold and wonder at a Mortal's daring;
 And, when I knock the Goal of dreadful death,
 Shout and applaud me with a clap of Thunder:
 Once more, thus wing'd by horrid Fate, I come
 Swift as a falling Meteor; lo, I flye,
 And thus go downwards, to the darker-Sky.

[*Thunder.* He flings himself from the Window.]

The Thebans gather about his Body.

Hemon. O prophet, *Oedipus* is now no mere!
 O curs'd effect of the most deep despair!
Oed. Cease your complaints, and bear his body hence:
 The dreadful sight will daunt the drooping Thebans,
 Whom Heav'n decrees to raise with Peace and Glory:
 Yet by these terrible examples warn'd,
 The sacred Fury that alarms the World,
 Let none, tho ne'er so virtuous, Great, and High,
 Be judg'd entirely blest before they dye.

Books Printed for Thomas Chapman.

Cesar's Commentaries. Fol.

Oedipus, by Mr. Dryden.

Plutarch's Morals.

Abdelaziz.

Kettlewell on the Sacrament:

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With all sorts of Plays.

By Mr. Lee.

EPilogue.

What Sophocles could undertake alone,
Our Poets found a Work for more than one;
And therefore Two lay tugging at the piece,
With all their force, to draw the ponderous Mass from Greece.
A weight that bent even Senecca's strong Muse,
And which Corneille's Shoulders did refuse,
So hard it is th' Athenian Harp to string!
So much Two Consuls yield to one just King,
Terror and Pity this whole Poem sway:
The mightiest Machines that can mount a Play;
How heavy will those vulgar Souls be found,
Whom Two such Enomes cannot move from ground,
When Greece and Rome have smil'd upon this Birth,
You can but damn for the poor spot of Earth:
And when your Children find your judgment such,
They'll scorn their Sires, and will themselves born Dutch;
Each hungry Poet will infer with ease,
How much his Wit must under-write to please,
As some strong Charlie would brandishing advance
The monumental sword that conquer'd France,
So you by judging this, your Judgments teach
Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach,
Since then the Vote of full Two thousand Years
Has crown'd this Plot, and all the Dead are theirs;
Think it a Debt you pay, not Alms you give,
And in your own defence, let this Play live.
I think 'era not werry thin Sophocles a Bound,
To praise his worth, they hardly doubt their own.
Let us weak States each other's Pow'r assure,
Weak Poets by conjunction are secure,
Their Treas'ry is what your Falcons relish most,
Charm! Song! and Show! a Murder, and a Ghost!
We know not what you can desire or hope,
To please you more, but burning of a Pope.

FINIS.

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